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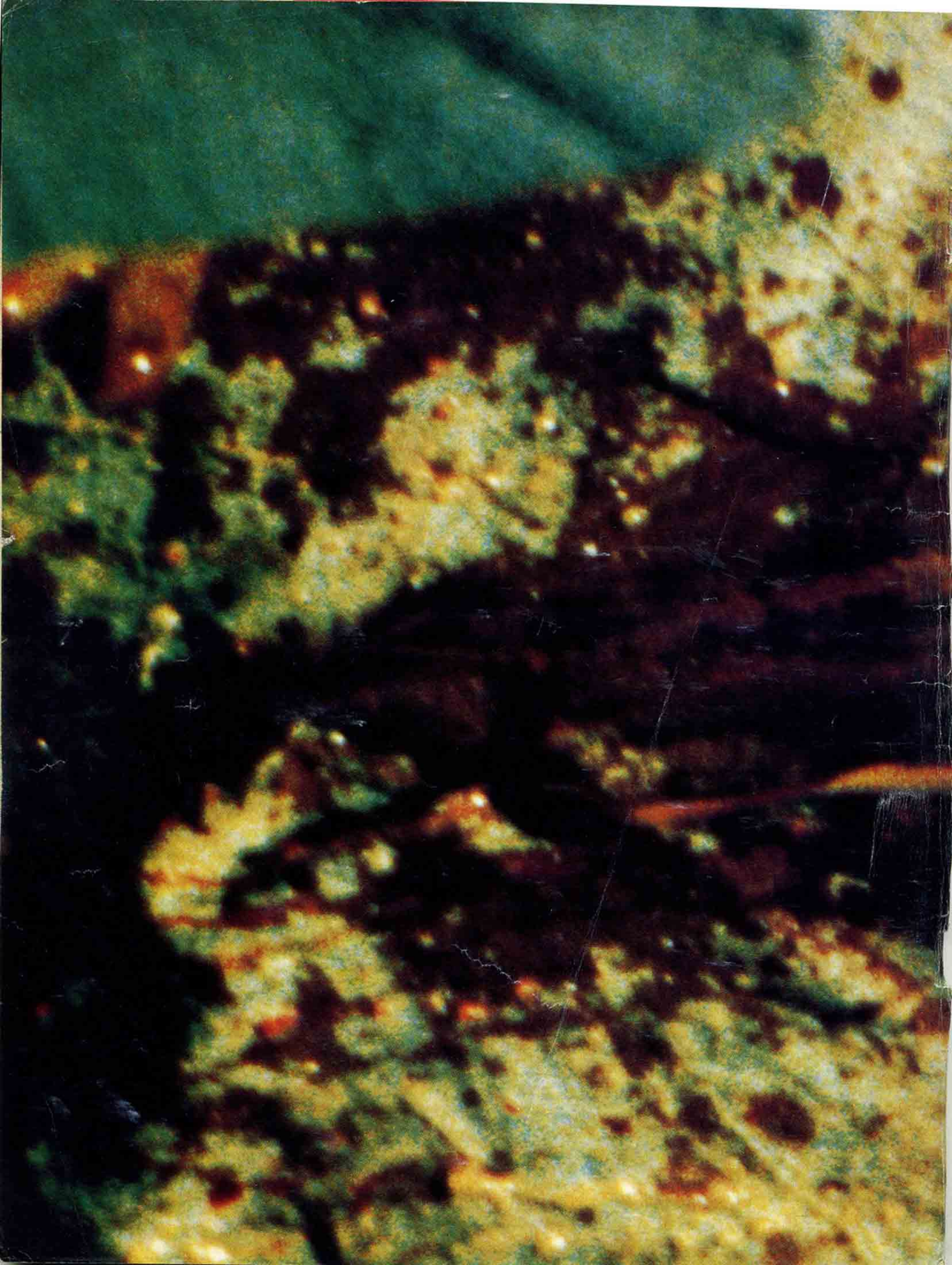

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The Big Poster Scoop, and Uncle Bob's fabulous giveaway offer!

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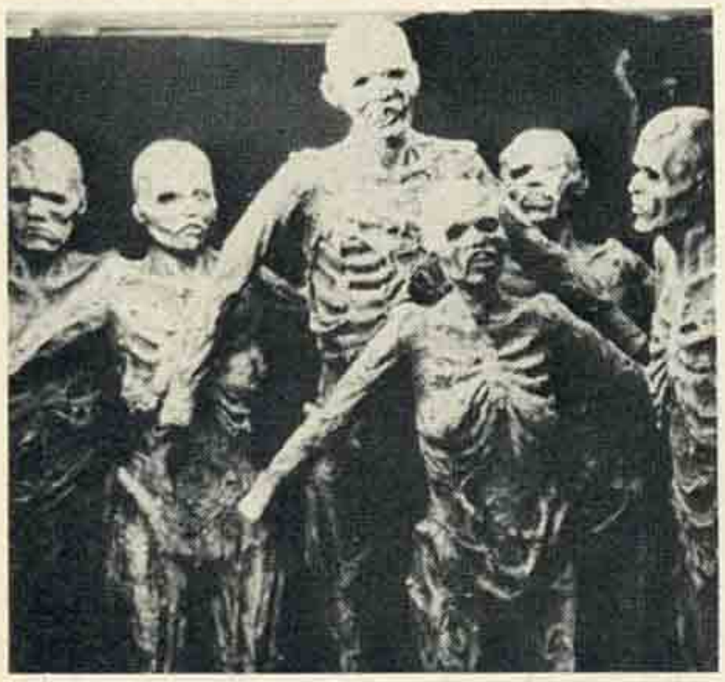

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Milburn Smith, **Assistant Publisher** Richard Browne, **Circulation Director**

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FANGORIA®

March 1983 Issue #26

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THANK YOU: Dick Smith, Tanya Roberts, Bill Munns, Ed French, Michael Armstrong, Ted V. Mikels, H.G. Lewis, Doug Beswick, Chris Crowe, Tom Phillips, Kevin Patterson, John Caglione, Glenn Bray, and, curiously enough, you.

Dedicated to Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

Production Assistants: Eileen Dempsey, Clara Urrea, Andrea Passes, and Norma Garcia.

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Imagination Inc.

The phone rang; I struggled awake, glanced at the clock—3 A.M.

"Hello?"

"Hello. . . Uncle Bob? It's President Ron."

"Ron? I guess you know what time it is. . ."

"Yes, I do, Uncle, I'm sorry, it can't be helped. The nation is in crisis, as I'm sure you know; people are out of work. Some of us have to do without our beauty sleep."

"Yeah, Ron, I guess you're right—in fact, it must be pretty serious, if they woke *you* up."

"Well, actually, Uncle, I had a long nap today—wanted to stay up for Letterman; I thought they might have H.G. Lewis on, but it was that Kaufman guy again. . ."

"Yeah, fine. . . what're you calling about, anyway?"

"It's this. . . DARNED economy thing. It just won't go away. . ."

"Tell me about it."

"Yes. . . well, I was, wasn't I? Anyway, it's the trickle-down part. It's not working."

"Why not?"

"It was trickling fine until a few months ago, but in the late fall things started getting all clogged up around the lower middle income group. There's a bottleneck that's had a chilling effect on the entire recovery program. I was talking this over with Nancy, and she thinks that perhaps you can help."

"Me? I'm no economist! You should see me try to balance my checking account!"

"Oh, no, we don't need any more theorists, we've got lots of those. This is a call to action, Uncle. You see, Nancy pointed out to me that FANGORIA is far too fine a publication to be selling for a mere $2.50. There's a danger of producing a severe deflationary reaction all across the board, if other magazines start offering the same dollar-value for the same unit-cost. Whereas a moderate increase in your pricing policies—say about 18%—would in fact have a stimulating effect on the economy as a whole, resulting in rapid economic growth, a return to stability, and total economic recovery by late 1984."

"But what will I say to the readers?"

"How should I know? Give them a poster or something."

• • • •

And the rest, of course, is history.

In a related development, people often stop me in the street and say, 'Boy, Uncle Bob, you sure must have a neat collection of film memorabilia!" The fact of the matter is that I am not a collector. Sure, I have a few stills from movies I particularly liked, like *Phantasm* and *The Howling*, but the idea of accumulating as much of this sort of material as possible has never had much charm for me.

Now, I know a lot of our readers feel differently, so that's why I've decided to give up those few little items that I own that some people might consider to be "collectibles"—in the UNCLE BOB COLLECTOR'S CONTEST!

GRAND PRIZE: Uncle Bob's Incredible Button Hat! Attached to this hat are 20 different promotional buttons, including buttons bearing the logos for such fantastic films as *Basket Case, The Thing, Scanners* and *Escape From New York*! And this hat has been worn by Uncle Bob himself! And it can all be yours!

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Stay the Course!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
- Uncle Bob!

The Postal Zone

HORROR HOST SEARCH

In issue number 21 we requested that readers let us know which local TV-horror hosts they would like to see covered in FANGORIA. Since that time we have been deluged with suggestions from every part of the country. The problem now is not that we don't have enough candidates for coverage in Fango, but that it is difficult narrowing down the choices. Because of the local nature of horror-hosting, we can only rely on hearsay when deciding which host is most worthy of an article, whether it be Sammy Terry of Indianapolis or Dr. Paul Bearer of St. Petersburg or Sir Graves Ghastly of Detroit. Our solution to the problem is this: Fangorians with access to a VCR can videotape their favorite host and send the cassette to our office where we can consider all the evidence and make our decisions accordingly. If you enclose an **S.A.S.E.** we can send the cassette back when we have finished viewing it. If you don't we can keep it. Send all videotapes to:

Horror Host Search
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Do it today!

What's Going On Here?

Dear FANGORIA,

I think you have a great little magazine, but like everything it has its one fault. You talk about movies like *Basket Case, Pranks, The Deadly Spawn, Bloody Pulp, Incubus, The Last Horror Film, Evil Dead, Trick or Treat* and *Videodrome*; and they never come to any Boston theaters! What's going on?

Billy Cate
Boston, MA

PHOTO: JOHN DODS

The *Deadly Spawn* are still on their way.

Dear FANGORIA,

What became of *Baby Snakes*? New World's *Kain of the Dark Planet*? Dusty Nelson's *Effects*? L-K Productions' *The Silver Surfer*? John Huston's *Phobia* and the other *Phobia*? Richard Adams' *Plague Dogs*? Dario Argento's *Inferno*? Peter Townsend's *Lifehouse? The Monster Club* with Vincent Price? *Piranha II*? Alfred Sole's *Toys*? Patrick Regan's *Caution, Children At Play*? I know *Venom* came out, but what about *King Cobra*? I remember *Conan*, but what about *Ratboy*? Did *Cat and the Canary* get national release? Was *Sheena of the Jungle* made? Is *Greystoke* still on the way? And I love that chilling ad for *Slayride*, what about it?

Ken Stroebel
Merrill, MI

***Monster Club:* Keep your eye on cable/pay TV.**

You guys ask a lot of questions! We'll attack them by category: Kain of the Dark Planet, The Silver Surfer, Lifehouse, Toys, Ratboy *and* Slayride *have not, to our knowledge, developed beyond the proposal stage.* Bloody Pulp *started filming, but remains in limbo, about one-third finished.* The Deadly Spawn *and* The Last Horror Film *are finished, and the producers of both films tell us they are being courted by several different distributors.* Pranks, Incubus, Trick or Treat, Baby Snakes, Effects, *Huston's* Phobia, *Armand Weston's* Phobia *(a.k.a.* The Nesting*),* The Monster Club, Caution, Children At Play, King Cobra *(a.k.a.* Deathbite*) and* The Cat and the Canary*, for various reasons, were never widely distributed, though most of these have seen some sort of limited regional release, have shown or will show on cable TV, and are likely to show up in video tape and disk.* Sheena, Queen of the Jungle *remains an active project,* Greystoke *continues filming, and* Basket Case, Evil Dead *and* Videodrome *are currently in release, distributed by Analysis Films, New Line Cinema and Universal Pictures respectively. Embassy Pictures has the distribution rights to* The Plague Dogs, *though what they plan on doing with the film is anybody's guess—it has already been released in Europe.*

Good Movie

Dear Fellow Fangorians,

I've just returned from seeing *One Dark Night* [covered under the original title of *Rest in Peace* in Fango #18]. It's excellent.

It's refreshing because it isn't another (yawn) mad slasher flick. Human beings aren't the culprits here (not living ones, anyway), but rather resurrected corpses. Not only is this inherently more horrifying, it also allows for an ample supply of gruesome special effects.

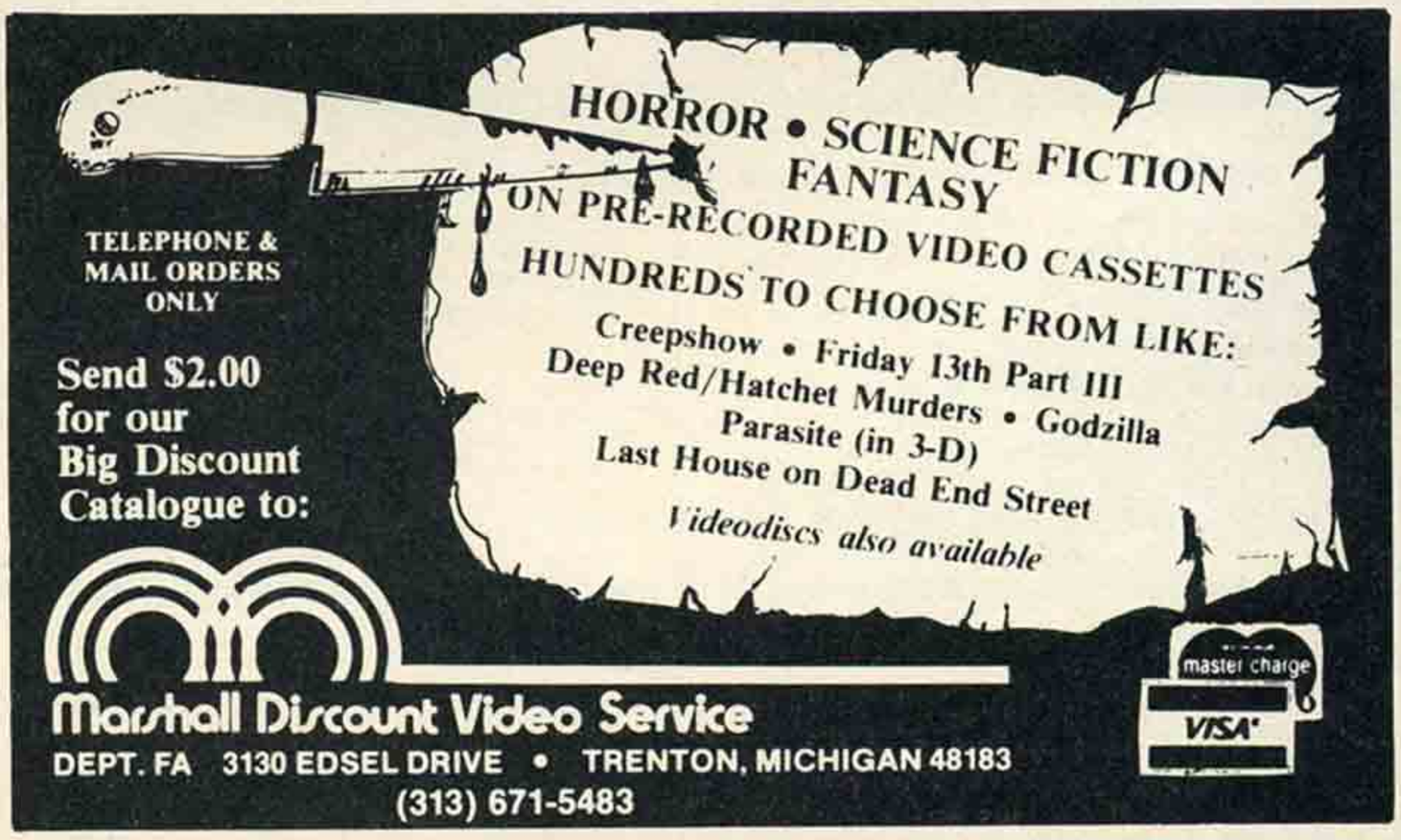
And what special effects! Those Burman boys are in top form here with a gaggle of ghastly ghouls tromping about in various stages of decomposition. These creations are incredibly realistic but with a touch of exaggeration added to give them that "unreal" look.

The acting is poor, but that has little to do with the appreciation of horror films. Lugosi couldn't act his way out of a blood-soaked paper bag (with the exception of his superb Ygor in *Son of What's-his-face*), but that never detracted from the horror element in his films.

Ultimately, atmosphere is what *One Dark Night* will be most remembered for. The photography is excellent, with the Steadicam floating eerily by tombstones and through the dark hallways of a mausolem. Subdued but colorful lighting creates an otherworldliness that is perfect for a film of the supernatural. Also, by having two plot threads, the movie maintains a suspenseful atmosphere; you find yourself asking

Correction

In the Marshall Discount Video ad last issue, we mistakenly printed the information that all advertised cassettes were going for a special FANGORIA price of $44.95. In actuality, those tapes wre supposed to be sold at regular prices. Sorry, Dave.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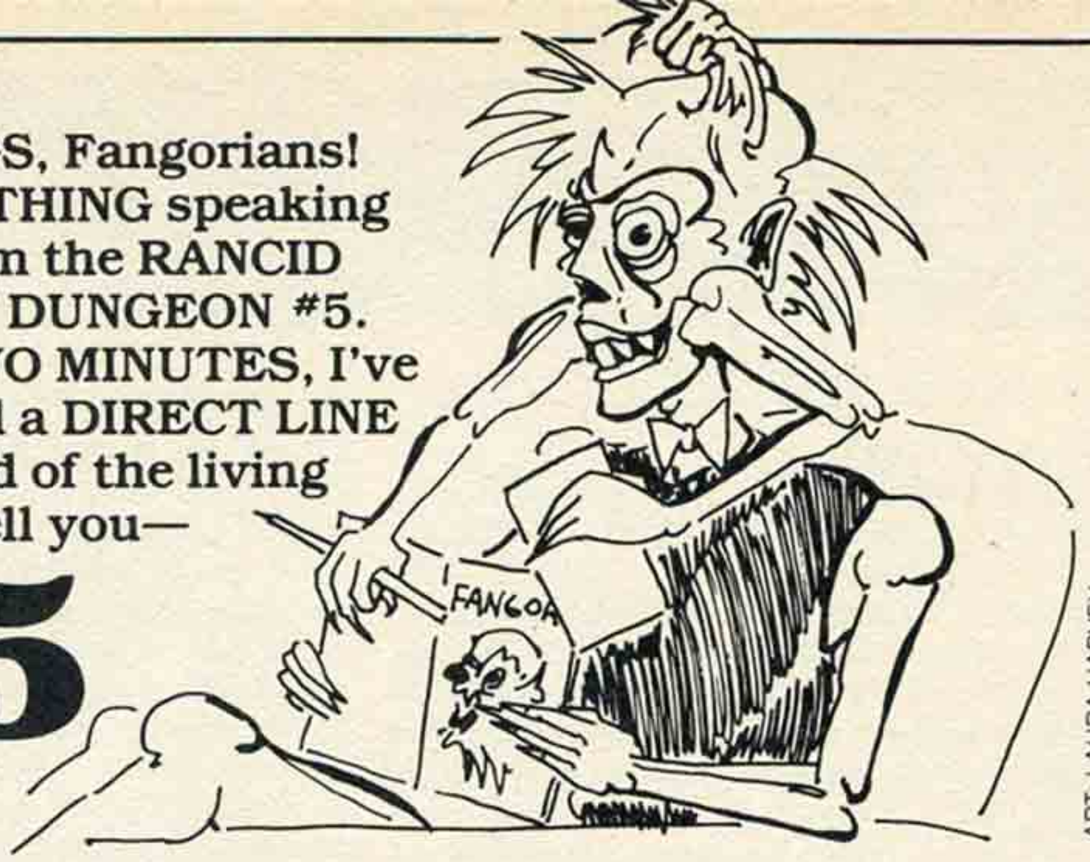
5



ART: LAURA HARVEY

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what each plot has to do with the other, and when will they converge? (Without giving anything away, they converge at the very end for an awesome climax.)

Like I said, *One Dark Night* is a good horror movie, one that any true Fango would enjoy sinking his canines into.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum!
(Say nothing but good of the dead!)

Gary Knox
220-E William St.
Dover, DE 19901

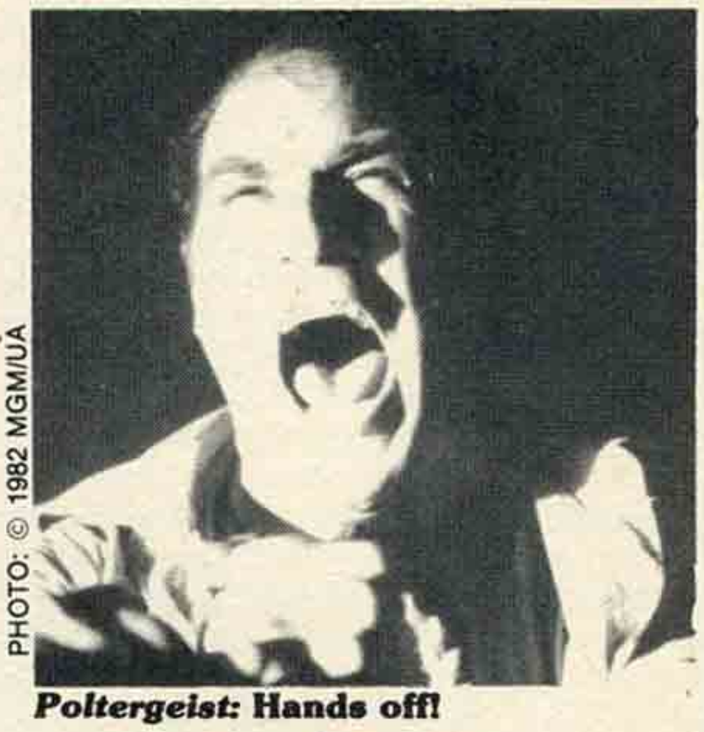

PHOTO: © 1982 MGM/UA

***Poltergeist*: Hands off!**

Knock it off!

Dear Paul Clemens and Eveyone Else that is Suing Steven Spielberg for *Poltergeist* and *E.T.*.

Screw you! Steven Spielberg has just made two of the top films of the Decade. Why don't you stop trying to get as much money and publicity as you can out of these great movies and enjoy them?

Michael Brooks
(*Poltergeist* #1 Fan)
Houston, TX

Harris the Hero

Dear Mr. Martin,

I would like to see detailed coverage of another hero from the past, distributor and producer Jack C. Harris. How can you continue to ignore the man who gave us all those hokey, but always enjoyable, monster movies, from *4D Man* and *The Blob* to *Beware The Blob*, and that minor animation gem *Equinox*. Not to mention the award winning fantasy, *Legend of Hillbilly John*. Please feature a career article and interview soon!

Carmen Minchella
15321 Veronica
East Detroit, MI 48021

Another Neglected Genius?

Sir or Madam,

Just yesterday a friend of mine drove us to see the triple feature bill at a local drive-in. The "memorable" trio was *I Dismember Mama*, *Hitch Hike To Hell* and *Axe*. The last two were produced by Harry Novak, and *Hitch Hike* had the professor in *Gilligan's Island*, playing a cop. I would appreciate learning a little more about this producer and his movies.

Claude Poirier
1812 W. Bonanza
Las Vegas, NV 89106

You already seem to know more about Harry Novak than we did before we got your letter. We do know, however, that his totally incompetent film The Child *is currently in re-release, under the title* Hide and Go Kill. *If our more Novak-oriented readers will send us opinions and facts about Novak's career, we'll be happy to print those we find informative. Who knows? We may even have an all-Novak edition of* The Postal Zone!

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#1 - Tom Savini and *Dawn of the Dead;* Christopher Lee; *Godzilla*'s screen history; B-Movie Mogul Alex Gordon; *Galactica*'s missing aliens; Lots More!

#2 - Don Coscarelli and *Phantasm; Prophecy*'s Mutant Bear; Richard Matheson, Pt. 1; *Dr. Who* article and poster; Pal's *War of the Worlds*; Much More!

#3 - Cronenberg's *The Brood*; Stephen King on *The Shining* film; Kolchak *The Night Stalker* articles & episodes; Matheson, Pt. 2; Jack Arnold; *Alien* Poster; Tons More!

#4 - Behind the Scenes of TV's *Salem's Lot*; Film Femme Caroline Munro; Japenese *Warrior Robots* & poster; Gore-master H.G. Lewis; *Star Trek* Aliens; Even More!

#5 - Carpenter's *The Fog*; John Barry and *Saturn 3*; Bert I. Gordon's *The Coming*; Andy Probert's *Galactica Cylons*; *Son of Kong*; *Them!;* Still More!

#6 - Sean Cunningham and *Friday the 13th*; Shock FX of Bottin and Savin; King-Romero Team-Up!; Vincent Price on Corman, Pt. 1; Incredibly More!

#7 - Caroline Munro & Tom Savini—*Maniac!*; Chris Walas and *Galaxina*; *The Shining* Preview; Hitchcock, Pt. 1; Animator Chuck Jones; A Great Deal More!

#8 - John Carpenter Interviewed; Italian Shocker *Zombie*; Jim Danforth & Dave Allen; Scatman Crothers on *The Shining*; Paul Blaisdell, Pt. 1; Good Grief, More!

#11 - Rob Bottin and *The Howling*'s FX; John Boorman on *Excalibar*; Tobe Hooper's *The Funhouse*; *Bloody Valentine; Fear No Evil;* Terence Fisher; Oy! More!

#12 - *Knightriders*; Tobe Hooper interview; Gordon on Karloff; *Friday the 13th II;* Corman Interview; *Inseminoid;* Ron Goulart; Hammer on TV; Mother of Mercy, More!

#13 - The Romero Interview; On the Set—*The Beast Within*; Wadleigh's *The Wolfen*; Landis on *An American Werewolf;* Fantasy Femme P.J. Soles; Crom! More!

#14 - Baker and *An American Werewolf in London*, Shock FX Special interviews with Savini, Burman, Winston, Walas and Harryhausen; Carpenter on *Halloween II*; And Yes, More!

#15 - *Halloween II* interviews with Debra Hill, Rick Rosenthal and Jamie Lee Curtis; Burman Part II; Harryhausen Part II; Richard O'Brien on *Shock Treatment;* at last, Hitchcock Part II; believe it or not MORE!

#16 - The Men behind *Ghost Story*: novelist Peter Straub, screenwriter Lawrence D. Cohen, and makeup effects genius Dick Smith; Chris Tucker on his work for *The Elephant Man* and *Quest For Fire*; Rick Baker's EFX Studios; Adrienne Barbeau; Frank Henenlotter's *Basket Case*; Caramba! More!

#17 - Wes Craven on *Last House on the Left, The Hills Have Eyes* and *Swamp Thing; Cat People* screenwriter Alan Ormsby; Rick Rosenthal on *Halloween II* and *Darkroom;* beautiful Fiona Lewis; Gorey H.G. Lewis; *Dark Shadows*; Dick Smith, Part 2; Sam Fuller on *White Dog*; Nyong-nyong-nyong—more!

#18 - Tom Burman on the FX of *Cat People* and *The Beast Within;* on-set journals of Carpenter's *The Thing* and the King-Romero *Creepshow*; unveiling *Beastmaster*; Home-Video Violence; young makeup artist Kevin Haney; Gollygoshwow, more!

#19 - Part One of a panel discussion of "Fear on Film," with Cronenberg, Carpenter and Landis!; 3-D terror with *Parasite* and *Rottweiler*; Mad Max returns in *The Road Warrior;* The Great Dick Miller; Val Lewton's *Cat People* and *Curse of the Cat People*; and—surprise!—more!

#20 - The Bugs of *Creepshow*: Carpenter on *The Thing*; The Life and Times of Joe Dante; Paul Bartel, from *Deathrace 2000* to *Eating Raoul;* Landis-Carpenter-Cronenberg II; Joe Blasco Part 1; Craig Reardon Part I; David Naughton; Andy Milligan; buckets more!

#21 - Rob Bottin on *The Thing; Friday the 13th Pt. III in 3-D*; Reardon and Blasco Parts 2; Horror host Zacherle; John Waters unduly maligned; *The Sword and the Sorceror;* Horror-Wrestling Pt. II; Carpenter-Cronenberg-Landis III; Yipes—more!

#22 - *Halloween III*; Don Coscarelli and *Beastmaster*; a chat with Romero on *Creepshow*; The Lovely Ingrid Pitt; *Friday the 13th III* FX; Pink Floyd's *The Wall*; The Fabulous Elvira; Tor Johnson; and (gasp!) more!

#23 - Tobe Hooper on *Poltergeist* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*!; Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead; Little Shop of Horrors* on stage; The dreaded *Incubus*; David Winters' *Last Horror Film;* and (I cant take it!) more!

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Tanya Roberts!

The Gorgeous Star of Tourist Trap *and* The Beastmaster *Speaks to Fango in the Latest Installment of our Fantasy Femme Fatale Series.*

By James Verniere

PHOTO: © 1982 MGM/UA

A spine-tingling glimpse of Tanya Roberts the ex-Angel in Don Coscarelli's recent fantasy adventure *The Beastmaster*.

Some say that Tanya Roberts' halo has slipped since she did a nude scene in Don Coscarelli's sword and sorcery film, *The Beastmaster*, and then posed for a layout in last October's issue of *Playboy*, but I say that the former star of *Charlie's Angels* (she replaced Shelly Hack) was never suited for the cherub bit in the first place. She makes a perfect FANGORIA *femme fatale*, however.

Tanya Roberts was much too down to earth to fit in on television's first "look but don't touch" jiggle show. In fact, she made her co-stars look more like mannequins than ever. If there is a single word for Tanya Roberts, it is vicacious. This girl *bubbles*.

When I met her recently at the Sherry Netherland, she was unmistakable, even in the lobby of that popular celebrity haunt. Fifteen minutes late but smiling with such charm that I forgot to take umbrage, she walked up to me looking like a vision in red silk pants and matching print blouse and said, "Are you Jim?" Now how can you not like an actress who takes the trouble to find out your name before she meets you? That might make me a pushover, but Tanya Roberts doesn't push. She shoves.

Once settled in her suite (no publicist was present, and if you don't think that gave me a couple of ideas, you're crazy) we ordered some drinks and discussed both her latest film and her future now that *Charlie's Angels* is behind her. We also touched on the subject of a low-budget horror film (called *Tourist Trap*) she made when she was an unknown.

Born in the Bronx 26 years ago ("I'm half Irish and half Jewish") Tanya Roberts left

home and school at 15 to pursue a career in show business. Her first experience was working in off-Broadway plays and making television commercials for such products as Ultra-Brite toothpaste and Cool Ray sunglasses. She is very proud of her first years working as an actress in New York and the studying she did under the tutelage of acting coaches like Uta Hagen and the late Lee Strasberg. "Most people think I emerged overnight in *Charlie's Angels*, but I've paid my dues," she said in a New York accent thick enough to slice with a Nedick's hot dog.

At this point in our interview the bedroom phone began to ring. By the end of an hour-and-a-half it had rung six times. "Strange people are calling and hanging up or claiming to be old friends. I don't know how someone got this number, but I guess weirdos are a part of the territory."

Part of the territoy as an actor is also finding odd jobs to support yourself during dry spells. During one such period the teenage Tanya Roberts worked as a dance instructor at Arthur Muray's. "Yeah, I was 15 but passed for 16. We were a bunch of pretty young things who enticed dirty old men into taking dancing lessons. I'm just kidding. It was a job, and I did learn ballroom dancing."

When she was 17, Roberts met a psychology student named Barry while they were waiting in line in Manhattan to see a movie. Shortly thereafter they were married. Roberts continued to act off-Broadway in productions like *Picnic* and *Antigone* until they decided to pack up and move to Los Angeles, where Tanya promptly landed work in three films and her husband pursued a career as a screenwriter. "I had already made a movie in New York with James Toback called *Fingers*. In California I made *California Dreaming, Racquet,* and *Tourist Trap,*" she said as she sipped a Coca-Cola.

"I ran into Toback a few weeks ago in L.A. and he told me all about his latest film. Boy, I've never gotten a job through a friend. Every job I've ever gotten has been through an impersonal audition. It just aggravates me like hell when I see filmmakers hiring their buddies."

Upon her arrival in California, Roberts was treated like a New York actor, which is to say that she was treated with begrudging respect. "Which means that they thought I had talent as opposed to the rest of the dummies out there who don't have any acting experience at all. They're either former beauty queens or ex-cheerleaders. Somebody sees them at a party and offers them a part. Since I had a few credits, I started to get work immediately. Not in great films mind you, but at least I was working," said Roberts, who despite her beauty has no illusions about how the Hollywood system works.

Roberts laughed when I asked her about *Tourist Trap*. "Not a classic," she admitted.

One of Tanya's first film roles was in the low-budget horror movie *Tourist Trap*, a Charles Band picture starring Chuck Connors.

"But I needed the work and it was fun being chased around by Chuck Connors. I remembered watching him on *The Rifleman* when I was a kid in the Bronx," she added, leaning over to reach for her glass. (I didn't have the heart to tell her that every time she leaned over her blouse opened.)

Why did she choose *The Beastmaster* as her first post-*Charlie's Angels* film? I wondered. "I chose *The Beastmaster* because it gave me the chance to slip into movies without getting the whole book thrown at me. The movie wasn't built around me. I was just an actor in it, and it was a good chance for me to be seen."

She gets quite a chance to be seen in one shot in the PG-rated *Beastmaster* in which she's nude from the waist up. "Oh, but it's such a short shot that you don't even notice it," she said. "Please," she pleaded jokingly, "tell me you didn't notice it. I was *so* embarassed. The crew was supposed to take a hike while we shot it, but I know there were 50 guys hiding in the bushes. You know what crews are like. 'Let's check out Tanya.'"

Roberts explained that she was even more anxious about her *Playboy* pictorial. "It's like art, really. Very beautiful pictures of me and some animals. I had a contract with *Playboy* that gave me complete control. I could have cancelled the whole thing after the shooting. But I think it's a very classy spread—stop laughing—and when they first approached me, I thought, 'Well, I'm young, and in 10 years I won't be in such great shape anymore. Besides, everybody's done it, even Jane Fonda.'"

On the subject of nudity in films, Roberts is as candid as ever. "Well, I don't mind a

token nude scene. We all have to do them. But I don't want to be prancing up there like a bimbo."

Unlike many Californians, Roberts is not a physical culturist, despite the fact that she appears to be in great shape. "I'm just naturally hyper," she said. "And I never gain weight. I do swim as often as I can, except when I'm on location. Then I just run a mile every day. A mile is not much. I guess I have good genes."

In keeping with the fantasy theme she established in *The Beastmaster*, Roberts will go on to film another sword and sorcery film. "I'm going to do a film for Warner Brothers next called *Hearts in Armor*. It's sort of like *Excalibur*, and we're going to shoot on location in Sicily. I play a princess in the film and all the costumes are being made now by Italian artisans. In one scene I almost get raped by a priest who can make himself invisible, so they'll be pulling my clothes off with wires. It's a funny scene though, not sleazy.

"After that I'd like to do *Sheena of the Jungle*," she said in reference to another project that has been on the Warner's back burner for a few years. "That's one of the reasons I did the *Playboy* spread. As a matter of fact I sent a copy of the picture I've given to you" [see accompanying photo] "to the producer of *Sheena*. I wrote a note on the picture that said, 'Hey, I found this great photo of *Sheena*.'"

Like I said. This girl doesn't push. She shoves.

PHOTOS: © 1982 MGM/UA

Two more views of Tanya in *The Beastmaster*.

Dick Smith and *The Hunger*

The Makeup King Reveals the Secrets of his Effects for Tony Scott's Vampire Film.

By David Everitt

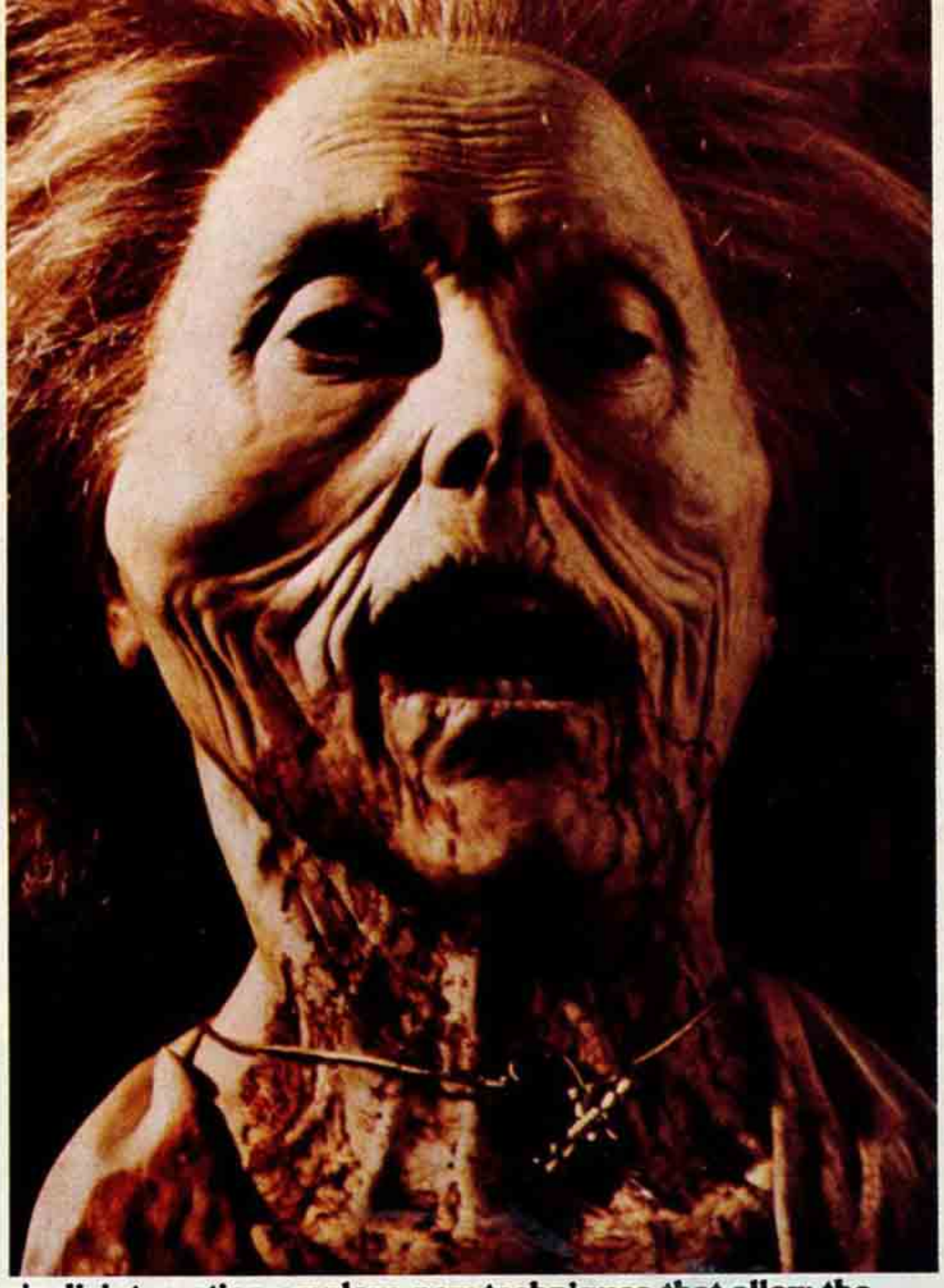
The last time I interviewed Dick Smith he was just finishing his makeup effects for *Death Bite* and said that his next project was going to be an unusual vampire story called *The Hunger* that would be his most challenging and diversified effects job since *The Exorcist*. As he talks to me now in his basement workshop, Smith puts the finishing touches on a souvenir from the *Hunger* production that is an illustration of the skillful work that went into the movie. From the mold used to make David Bowie's extreme old-age makeup, Smith has cast a bronzini replica of the ancient features and is now burnishing the bust with steel wool. As the steel wool brings out the bronze sheen in the statue, the superbly detailed, shriveled, 150-year-old features come into striking relief. The head is a typically meticulous bit of Smith makeup in itself, but it is only a fraction of the makeup effects he had to produce for *The Hunger*. Now that the film is completed, the makeup master is free to tell us the story behind the amazing illusions he created for Tony Scott's stylish thriller.

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DICK SMITH; © 1983 MGM/UA

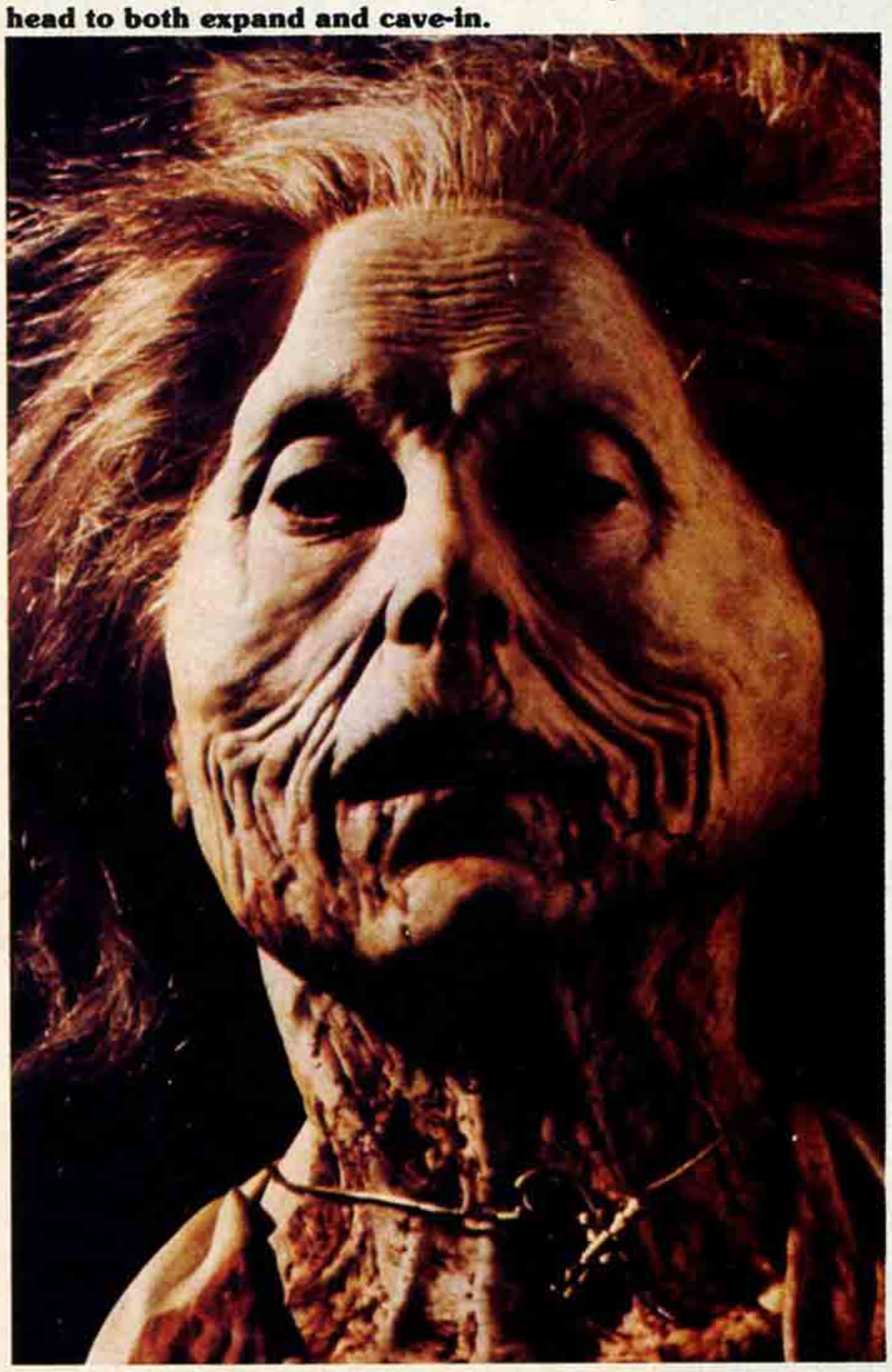
Dick Smith confers with his aged dummy of David Bowie in front of his personal gallery of makeup portraits.

Bowie's rapid aging process accounted for a large chunk of Smith's chores for *The Hunger*. As John Blaylock, Bowie plays a normal man who has been transformed by his vampire lover (Catherine Deneuve) into a blood-seeking accomplice capable of incredible longevity. This ever-youthful love affair lasts 200 years, but it is only a matter of time until this transformation loses its effect. As the backlog of years suddenly catch up to Bowie, the audience is shown this process in stages, with the help of Smith's makeup appliances. In the beginning of the picture Bowie appears to be around 30, then he quickly assumes the appearance of someone at the age 40 and then 50. Up until this point the changes in Bowie were accomplished by Ann Brodie's conventional makeup staff by applying such touches as shadow around the eyes. Once Bowie reaches the age of 55, Smith took over with his specially molded appliances. Throughout his discussion of his *Hunger* effects, Smith often uses the word "we" to include the efforts of Carl Fullerton. He points out that Carl was his "associate and partner, because Carl was equally responsible for the success of our work."

In addition to facial appliances, Smith and Fullerton's work on Bowie's aging required that they cast the actor from head to foot. Smith explains: "Catherine Deneuve had to pick him up off the floor and carry him to the attic when he is at age 150. So we had to create a life-size, lightweight dummy for this sequence. This dummy served a second purpose in that I intended to alter parts of his body as well for the extreme old age. What we did was make a foam-latex shoulder



This maleable head-and-shoulders dummy of Catherine Deneuve's disintegration employs new techniques that allow the head to both expand and cave-in.



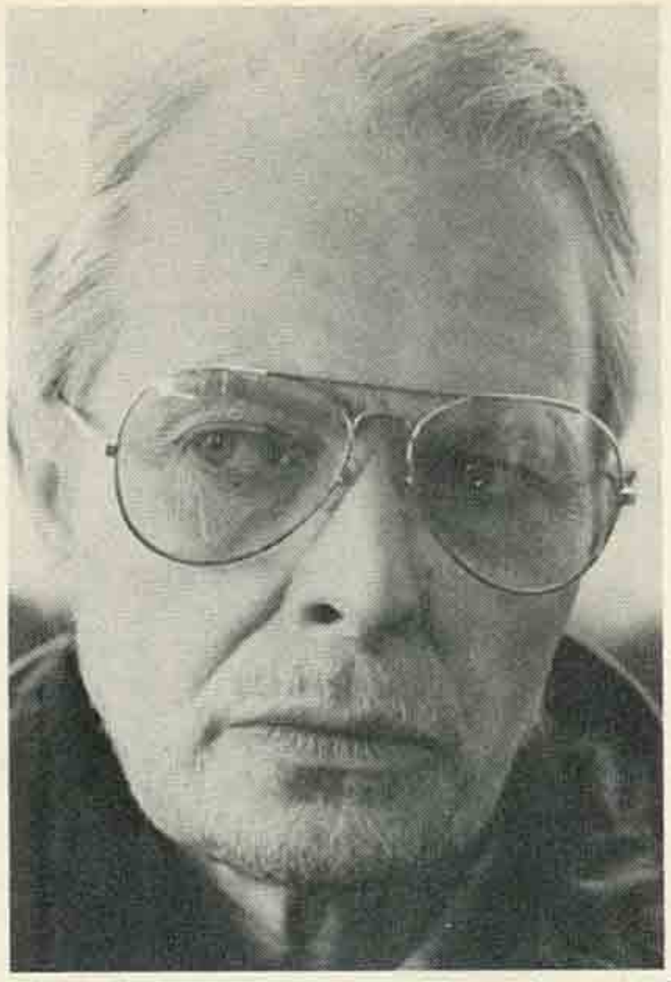
Right: Eerie lighting highlights the emergence of Deneuve's "mummy-lovers," constructed by Smith and Carl Fullerton, during the climax of *The Hunger*.

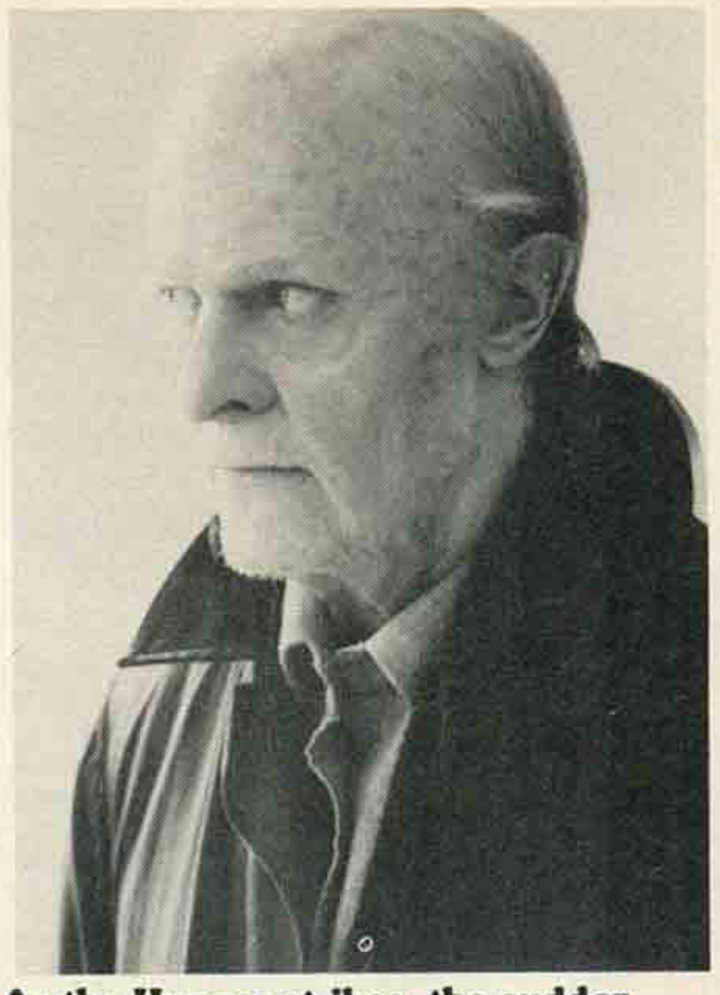
Left: The exposed mechanisms that manipulate Smith's brilliant transformation head substituted for Deneuve.

hump, a small belly, and leg appliances which went from his hips to his knees, and covered his knees with bony knee caps. These served a purpose even though he was always fully clothed. His costume was a very lightweight, summery suit that costume designer Milena Canonero helped in choosing—we discussed it very carefully. This was a fabric that would cling to his body reasonably well, so that when he's sitting, his legs, instead of looking like healthy stocky legs—Bowie's a skier and has strong, muscular legs—his legs would give the appearance through the clothing of being bony and shriveled. It did in fact add a subtle touch. The very large shoulder pad made him look stoop-shouldered. These touches gave him a body profile which worked out well."

Catherine Deneuve, as the lovely vampire Miriam Blaylock, runs into her own physical problems at the end of the picture when she shrivels and transforms into grotesque undead remains. During this final sequence, Miriam's former lovers who, like John Blaylock have aged horribly and are now kept like mummies in the attic, escape from their captivity and crumble into dust. These scenes provided Smith and Fullerton with their most complicated and demanding challenges.

When Smith originally discussed Deneuve's disintegration scene with Tony Scott, the makeup artist proposed an intriguing idea which eventually was not accepted. Smith says that "perhaps it's just as well we didn't do it that way because subsequently there have been a couple of films that use the same approach, as in *The Cat People*. What I'm referring to is the idea of having a sudden break-through in the face. After Catherine Deneuve hits the floor and goes into her Saint Vitus' dance I wanted to see Catherine's





On the left we see David Bowie as he appears in the beginning of Tony Scott's film. As the Hunger strikes, the sudden aging process begins and Smith's remarkable appliances work their magic.

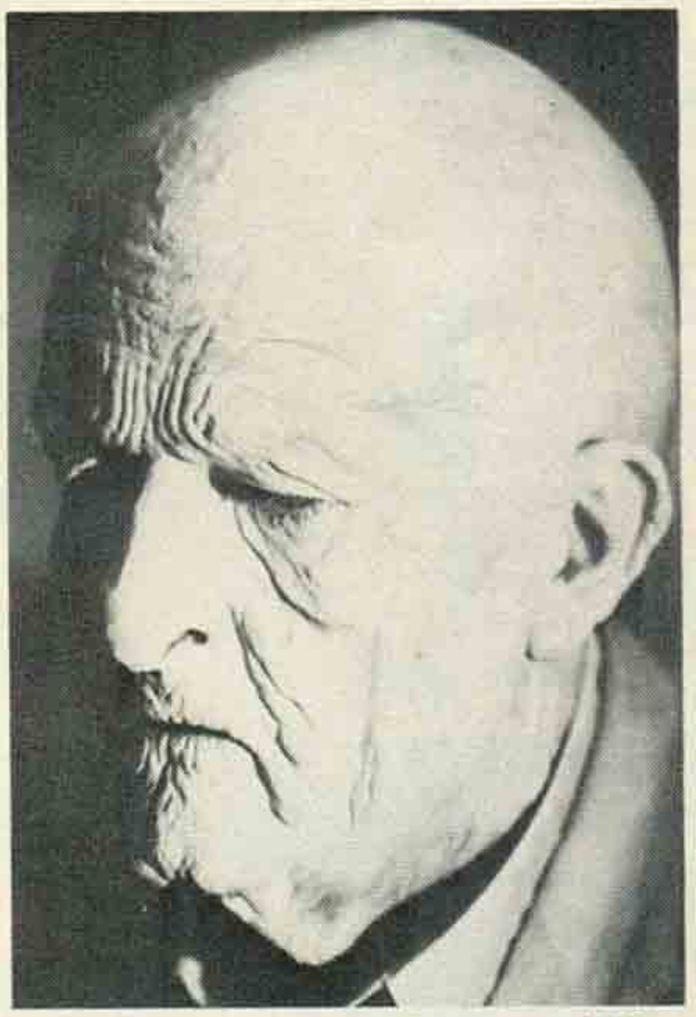
beautiful face suddenly split open and the real demon inside, in a sense, emerge. I wanted something to symbolize the horror." The makeup man gets up and points out the model he made for the emerging inner face. It is a pallid visage with spare, nightmarish features. "I thought the shock of seeing something like this break through would have been marvelous and also appropriate." The demon face would then change into a malevolent shriveled head. Scott didn't care for this approach; instead he wanted Deneuve to end up looking like the crumbling "mummies" from the attic. "What I felt," Smith goes on to say, "was that the mummies, as I call them, were Catherine's former lovers, they were former human beings. They were, in fact, modeled after actual mummies which exist in Mexico. My original concept was that Catherine Deneuve would look different, that she would look far worse and far more frightening." (We are not printing pictures of Smith's models for his proposed scenario because he is saving these creations for possible future use.)

Even though Deneuve's disintegration is not significantly different in concept from the mummy-lovers' fate, the sequence still demanded a formidable amount of labor and imagination on Smith's part. In a series of close shots, the audience is shown Deneuve's black-stockinged legs shriveling, her hand turned old and wrinkled (for which an actual old woman's hand was used; old-age stipple was added to accentuate the wrinkled look), and then her head is seen as the facial features start to decay and transform. When Smith constructed a head-and-shoulders dummy for the facial effects work, he decided that, in addition to the usual movement of the eyes, jaws and tongue, he was going to develop a new technique to create the most startling illusions called for in this sequence. "I didn't want to use bladders," he says. "That effect has been used so much now that I felt I wanted something new that would give it a different look. As you know, mechanical heads are all based on the principle of having a rigid skull-like structure containing the effects mechanism, with a hinged jaw and so forth, covered by a flexible skin. The skin is affected by the mechanical movements inside. I decided what would be an interesting variation would be, instead of using a rigid material for the skull, to make a flexible material that would support the shape of the head but, in itself, could be deformed inward. We could also use bladders, so you could have it both ways. You could have the skull cave-in in an area and you could also have it expand out with bladders. I thought that by careful manipulation one could get the effect of a head appearing almost as if it were seen in a mylar mirror, where it has a sort of rippling effect, an effect which heretofore could only be done optically—but we literally did it."

The material Smith used for this flexible skull was a urethane rubber originally designed for strong and relatively flexible rubber molds that has roughly the same consistency as a rubber bicycle tire. The urethane was fashioned into varying thicknesses for different areas of the skull. The back of the head which was in contact with the central mechanical control column was thick and relatively rigid to supply support, while the forehead, cheeks and jaw were thinner to allow for greater flexibility. These thinner areas could be pulled inward by cables from inside the skull.

A second head was then made to show a more advanced stage of decay. This second stage also included a mechanism for distortion but it was designed to show the movement subsiding. Smith had planned on a device that would act as a segue from the first to the second head, but Tony Scott showed little interest in shooting this connecting technique, partially because, Smith points out, little time was left for shooting of any kind. If it had been filmed, the sequence would have been yet another example of Smith's cleverness and attention to dramatic detail. "In both heads," the makeup man explains, "I concentrated on the cheekbone area. In the number one head there are not only distortions of the skull and some bladder effects but I had a cheekbone protruding out. I planned that we could go in on a tight shot on that cheekbone as it bulged out and then we could cut or dissolve to the similar area on the number two head which also had a protruding cheekbone. But on the more shriveled number two head the cheekbone action stretched out the wrinkled skin to such an extent that it almost eliminated the wrinkles from that area to make it appear very much like the cheekbone area on the number one head. I felt that by allowing the cheekbone to retract back into position you would see the wrinkles appearing. I thought that was a pretty neat segue, but we never shot it."

Another disappointment for Smith was the way in which the first distorting head was shot. He says, "We did a test here when we



The final stage—David Bowie at 150 years of age. This makeup was retouched and later used for the 200-years incarnation.

completed it and we were absolutely delighted with the results. It was realistic and very believable. It could turn 180 degrees from side to side and it could thrash around and the mouth moved and so forth. And then, when the head distorted, it was quite shocking. However, when we came to film it Tony did not do all the things I would have hoped. He became fascinated by overcranking the camera to slow down the action. The trouble was, on many of the shots we took, the action was slowed down to the point where you weren't aware that the face was changing; it made it far too subtle and we could not speed up the mechanical action more to match the overcranking. Tony and I argued about this and on the second day of shooting, after we had seen the rushes, I was able to get him to do some takes at normal speed." As of this writing, Smith has still not seen the final cut of the film and is still unsure what effects shots will be seen in the movie. He says, "Though there is some footage at normal speed, I have a suspicion that, when he edits, his own taste for wild movement and arty shots will come through. He's very art-conscious. For instance, there's a wonderful profile shot where the lighting halos the head; it's an extremely close shot. It works very well and it looks very realistic, but it doesn't show anything happening except the head turning back and forth very rapidly. It doesn't show any transformation."

The scene of the "mummies" crumbling that accompanies Deneuve's ghastly destruction presented Smith and Fullerton with a new set of problems that required some inventive thinking as far as materials and techniques were concerned. Early on, Smith had considered constructing dummies

Fullerton works on one of the mummies.

Top: For the final crumbling sequence, Fullerton tests one of the fragile mummy arms. Bottom: The inner workings side by side with the Deneuve dummy-head.

to perform the sequence but this became impossible when he learned of the amount of movement Scott had choreographed into the scene. The alternate solution was to cast very skinny people in the mummy parts and make entire rubber suits for them to wear. Smith says, "You can't make someone literally look like skin-and-bones, but we were going to do the best we could and hope that with proper lighting we could pull it off."

Smith gives credit to Fullerton for handling most of the especially difficult business of making the mummies crumble into dust. "Originally," Smith says, "we had hoped to have almost entire figures, copies of the rubber suits of course, that would somehow crumble before your eyes. But we found we were faced with a contradiction in terms, in a way. If you have a substance that's so fragile that it crumbles terribly easily, it doesn't have the strength to support any large shape. And such things as using explosives or any really violent means of destroying these figures were out of the question; it would produce effects that Tony didn't want. After a couple of months of experimentation with all kinds of materials and techniques, we realized that the only way we could accomplish this was by very careful editing, by storyboarding the sequence in such a way that not all the seven mummies are seen disintegrating but just a few in order to suggest that they are all turning to dust. So we worked out different close-up shots which we could manage."

In one instance, the tallest of the mummies

(Continued on Page 53)

Bill Munns Part 2

From Dressing Up Animals to Dead and Buried *and* Beastmaster.

By Bob Martin

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF BILL MUNNS

Tip to beginners: always have the trainer hold the lion very tightly while applying the makeup.

Following his years of teaching at the Elegance Academy, Bill Munns became a student once more himself, at Ralph Helfer's Gentle Jungle in Irvine, California. "Part of my motivation for entering the program was my love of animals," says Munns, "But I also felt that the demand for makeup effects on animals, to create fictitious animal species such as the *Star Wars* Banta and Tauntaun, was definitely on the upswing."

As it turned out, Munns' unique training as a makeup artist and animal handler helped him to find regular assignments as he sought to re-establish himself in film work after his eight years as a teacher. "They are the film industry's largest supplier of trained animals, and they do get some very strange requests," says Munns. "For instance, we had a job there recently where we painted an elephant gold for a commercial advertising a Danish line of chocolate. Generally, when they need something done with their animals, they'll come directly to me. They know that when I come in I already know all that I need to know about approaching the animal; exactly what can be done, and how far we can go. I know all of the trainers there, so they're very comfortable with me getting close to the animals."

Munns was therefore the logical choice to handle makeup and makeup effects for *Savage Harvest*, a film project developed and co-produced by Helfer. For this assignment, versatility proved to be an essential trait; a variety of makeup tasks were required to ing the story of lions on the attack to the screen, and Munns was given a single month's preparation time prior to the start of location filming in Brazil. Dummy victims were built and stuffed with meat or gelatin for the filmic predators to devour or maul, and the remains of victms had to be built as well. Several dummy lions were made, to attack actors, to play dead or to be blown to animal-kingdom-come. Munns also stood in for attacking lions in several scenes, wearing a set of claws with mane that came to be known on the set as "the Bert Lahr suit." And it was Munns' duty to apply makeup, as needed, to the film's animal actors.

Savage Harvest did not turn out to be a very successful film. Its disappointing performance, Munns points out, can be partially credited to 20th Century-Fox's failure to adequately promote the film. But there were also certain aspects of the script that proved impractical to film. "They tried to develop a sort of empathy and mutual respect between Tom Skerrit, who played a 'Great White Hunter' type of character, and one of the lions, which was identified by a white scar, which I applied to its face. A good deal of that was lost in the course of filming, partially because much of the exposition required to establish that relationship slowed down the pace of the film. And it also turned out that the white scar effect was very, very difficult to maintain. We started with the best lion to work with, Zamba. I could usually make him up with no problems; apply the scar and spray his mane with a touch of silver and black. But each lion is trained for different things, so they kept switching lions for different scenes—for instance, Zamba is excellent around people, but he chases cars, so he can't be in a scene with a jeep. They went to four or five different lions, and each reacted differently. Where one might accept it without question, another might be so terrified by the spray that you'd try to spray a little bit and they're off and running, dragging the trainer behind 'em. So little by little, that dimension disappeared from the script, and it became more of a straightforward action drama."

Munns also handled stunt-double makeups for trainers standing in for cast, and general makeup for *Savage Harvest*, an unusual arrangement nowadays. "It wasn't

so unusual just a few years ago," says Munns. "Dick Smith, for instance, used to handle special stuff, but would also key the film all the way through. The idea of a general makeup artist and a separate makeup effects artist has only been common for the last five or 10 years. The reason being, they can generally get a general makeup artist fairly inexpensively, and hire an effects specialist for a shorter term, for the specific job. Also, the effects nowadays require so much preparation that the artist is likely to be in the lab through most of the shooting schedule."

Munns' next assignment proved to be a slight embarrassment for FANGORIA, as a photo of his work subsequently appeared on our cover—over another makeup artist's name! The photo was one supplied to us by Avco Embassy upon the release of *Dead and Buried*, and we used the photo to announce an interview with that film's effects supervisor, Stan Winston, in FANGORIA #14, without Winston's knowledge. (Sorry, Stan! Sorry, Bill! Nobody gets 'em all right!).

"That came about after the film had been photographed and edited," recalls Munns. "The director and the producers decided that they needed some additional sequences to be added, so they scheduled a second unit. I understand that they had approached Stan Winston to do the additional work, but they hadnt' reached an agreement—I think he may have had other commitments by that time. Brian Frankish, who was art director on both *Savage Harvest* and *Dead and Buried*, recommended me.

Munns was asked to produce two effects for the post-production shoot. The first was a relatively simple harpoon-slashing; most of his one-month preparation time was used in the construction of the head of Joe Medalis, who is murderd by injection of acid into his nose and sinus cavities. Because the entire sequence was to be shot in a single take, Munns built two heads to specifications. "Each head was required to have realistic movement of the head, jaw, tongue, eyes and eyelids," says Munns, "and the skin had to blister up from within, with blood and clear lymphatic fluids oozing from the swollen flesh, as traces of smoke wisped up from the nostrils to suggest a burning acid. At the same time, the entire center of the face collapsed inward—all of this in a single take, no cuts.

"To do all this, we had a mass of servos, fluid tubes, compressed air tubes, high torque DC motors and cable levers, working the various elements. Seven people operated the heads, including myself, Margaret Lundin, Richard Davison, Doug White, Alan Alpone, and two members of the on-set effects crew.

Munns feels that his experience with *D & B* was one of his most pleasant in film makeup, particularly in respect to the time and budget allowed him. A slight disappointment came, however, when he saw the completed film, and saw that the "one-take" effect had been intercut with several reaction shots. "That was disappointing," Munns says, "but only because, if we had known they were going to cut away to begin with, we could have set up something which was not only easier for us to produce and easier on their budget, but something in individual stages which could have been a little more visually dramatic."

A clay sculpture "sketch" of the final design for the head of the *Boogens* monster.

Immediately after *Dead and Buried*, Munns was recommended to the producers of *The Boogens* by Boone Narr of Gentle Jungle. "In that film's original script," says Munns, "the creature had every repulsive organ or appendage to be found in nature—fangs, claws, talons, gelatinous membranes, a body that can ooze through a heating grate, and yet could rip a door off its hinges. It seemed that the writer had no clear vision of the creature at all, and was simply casting off descriptive terms that sounded very impressive, but added up to a very strange conglomerate. In my first bid, I sent a number of pictures of various parts of animals; the mouth-structure of a lamprey, for instance, which is a circular sucker with rows of teeth, the arms of a preying mantis, the tentacles of a squid—just to suggest some forms and textures we might use. Then they showed me their initial concept, sketched up by Paul Staley, the production designer, which he adapted from a copy of a sheep's brain, and I built a quarter-scale model. They looked it over and decided that it was not quite vicious-looking enough; we went to a second one, with a face that looked more like a shark's. They still felt they wanted something a little more horrifying, so I flew out and, working right in their offices, sculpted something a little more classical—nose, great big eyes and sharp teeth—which they finally approved. We kept the convoluted body, and added a skirt-like structure around the body, like the foot of a snail, with the idea that the claw-like appendages and tentacles could extend from that. Since they didn't know whether these would need to stick out from the side or the back, they were pleased with that."

By the time *The Boogens* was underway, it came time for Munns to start preparing *Swamp Thing*, so Munn's set duties fell to Ken Horn, an accomplished makeup artist in his own right, with work on *The Hills Have Eyes* and *Hell Night* to his credit.

Much has been written elsewhere concerning Bill Munns and the incredibly difficult conditions attendant to his work on *Swamp Thing*. Preproduction time shortened by half of what was originally planned due to a threatened strike, and foam rubber shredded by the high-acid waters of the Carolina swamps were the minor difficulties; the major problem was a last-minute cast change. Bob Minor, originally cast as the creature, was a massive 6'2"; his replacement, Dick Durock, was 6'6" and slender—and there was no time for a new suit to be molded to the actor's proportions. "It was sort of like trying to take a football uniform and making it into a basketball uniform," Munns says. "We had to dispense with any ideas of using padding; we'd lose the muscle structure. We ended up slushing everything in foam latex, so the suit was a uniform three-eighths of an inch thick. And then we literally had to fold it around Dick Durock. It was four inches too short where the waist and the calf section joined together, eight inches too wide across the upper torso. We'd just fold the pieces over as far as they would go, blend it off, and add a piece of moss or root wherever we had an edge.

"Some films simply do not go smoothly, despite the good intentions of all involved."

Shortly after *Swamp Thing*, Doug Trumbull, who was then shooting *Brainstorm*, approached Ralph Helfer with another unusual animal assignment. The script called for a laboratory chimp with its head and belly shaved, and electrodes implanted in its brain and stomach. Once again, Munns was uniquely qualified for the task of creating the latex appliances required. The job reunited Munns with an old friend named Doc—the chimp that wore the dagget suit in *Battlestar Galactica* and got closer to Bo Derek than you ever will in *Tarzan*. On a previous occasion, Doc's trainer, Boone Narr, had consulted Munns on the type of pigments to be

Counter-clockwise from above: Munns prepares to maul a real, live actor in a shot to be intercut with lions devouring one of his dummies, which were stuffed with meat in his on-set lab. Below, the bloody aftermath of the attacking lions.

used in painting Doc a bright green, for his appearance in the SF TV-movie *Earthbound*.

Beastmaster followed; another short-scheduled project, and another "troubled" film, though the troubles were already part of the package when Munns entered the scene —and, by director Don Coscarelli's account (FANGORIA #22), he provided solutions to many of these. Munns joined the picture only three weeks prior to the start of shooting, after the producers had a falling out over budgets and schedules with the previous effects man. After the false starts, neither time nor money were available in abundance. "At that point," Munns recalls, "15 of the 30 heads required for the bird warriors were made; one or two had been painted in blue-green colors, but they preferred a color scheme of browns and earth-tones that we'd worked up, so we had to make 15 more heads, and they all had to be painted; and

Two strap-on appliances transformed Doc the acting chimp into a "shaved" experimental animal for *Brainstorm*. Below, Munns poses with the final version of the *Boogens* monster. Bottom: the first model; the "sheep's brain" look of the body was retained, the head revised.

work on the bird-warrior bodies had to be begun from scratch. In between, we had to pick up some of the other effects; little things like the eye-rings.

"For the eye-ring, I sat down with Don and he told me in more specific terms what he wanted to see, and what he wanted it to do. We worked out the design from his description. We actually made about half a dozen rings; there was one "starring" ring, which had movable eyelids, the eye moving side to side and all that, controlled by fine monofilament wire. Another ring had clear gelatin over the eye, for the scene where they burn it with a stick. Another had the open eye fixed in place, to be worn by the actor when the eye was active, and there were four standard prop rings, with the eye closed, used in most scenes."

Luckily, the bird warriors did not need to turn up *en masse* until three weeks into the shoot. "In order to save time, we worked out a deal whereby only four warriors wore full suits; all the others simply had a head and the large wing-membranes that draped over them sufficiently to obscure the fact that they weren't wearing body suits."

Munns' next assignment is one that may at last afford him the sort of time, budget and creative participation that might allow him to firmly establish his talents—special makeup effects for *Congo*, the next picture from writer-director Michale Crichton, based on his novel concerning Amy, an experimental ape who infiltrates a tribe of wild apes in order to aid in the search of a valuable ancient artifact. Meanwhile, another Munns project is now nearing completion after months of development; unfortunately, at this time we can only say two words: robot chimps! More about this at a later date!

Ed French

After a decade of acting and stage makeup, he switched careers to become a 30-year-old "newcomer" in makeup effects.

By Bob Martin

Ed French has spent most of his adult life working (or finding work) as an actor. In that time, he's met with a measure of success—at least enough success to keep him plugging away for over a decade. Throughout that same decade, makeup has been almost a "side interest" to French, though a very useful one. Today, at 30, he is a practitioner in the art of what he calls "makeup illusions," a term devised by Dick Smith for his credit in *Ghost Story*. And for the first time, French has been able to make a living by doing something that he loves.

French was born in Boston, and raised in Pelham, New Hampshire, a tiny town by most standards, though one of the largest in that underpopulated state. "There weren't many movie houses around" recalls French, "but my babysitter would take me to see Elvis movies, now and then. I thought she had terrible taste. But I remember very clearly the day I first saw a movie that made a big impression on me. I remember that I was in first grade, and I was being kept in the house because I was sick. It was winter, and I remember looking out the window at a snow fort some kids had been building in the parking lot across the street, and how much I wanted to go out and play in that fort. That was the day I first saw *Bride of Frankenstein* on TV, and the one scene that I recall very clearly from that day is where the monster climbs up to the top of the tower and throws Dwight Frye off. It no doubt affected the course of my whole life."

Young French soon developed an affinity for other classic monsters of the Universal era, and in a few years had begun his first experimentations with makeup.

"I found the Corson book, *Stage Makeup*, in the school library when I was a freshman in high school," he says, "and was particularly struck by the makeup developed for Hal Holbrook's performances as Mark Twain. I was about 13 or 14 at the time, and got totally ahead of what I was supposed to be doing—I really wanted to try the ambitious stuff. So I

Left, French in his own makeup as the title character in Thomas Harris' novel *Red Dragon*. The shoot was commissioned by the paperback publisher; they later decided on a more subtle cover concept. Below, Chris Collet and spare head, built by French for the actor's demise in *Sleepaway Camp*.

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY ED FRENCH

PHOTO: BILL CADGE STUDIOS

Three views of Lesie Sank's transformation from skeleton into witch; the "wormy" stage is seen on our cover. Bottom left, a young actor in Nightmare takes a bead on Mom; bottom right, French's model stand-in for *Sleepaway* castmember John Dunn.

PHOTO: TONY MANGIA

went home one afternoon, and put my brother, who must've been about 6 years old, to work, doing a life cast of my face.

"Well, that experience probably set my makeup career back several years. I had him just dump the plaster on my face, and I spent about six hours trying to get it off, and I subsequently *had* to learn how to pencil in missing eyebrow hairs.

"I didn't attempt lifecasting, or any sort of prosthetic again for a long time after that, unfortunately. I did get ahold of Dick Smith's *Monster Makeup Handbook*, and used that for a lot of school plays, but I didn't try anything of that nature again until 1976."

While makeup remained an important part of French's life, during high school he decided upon a career as an actor. He felt he'd come a little closer to that goal when, as a high school senior, he was hired as an announcer at a small radio station of mixed formats. French was promoted from the Mantovani shift to the easy listening morning show to night-time rock. "But I found that the audience really didn't want to hear me read H.P. Lovecraft and Ray Bradbury; they wanted to hear the music. So, I wandered into summer stock, where makeup skills were very helpful to me. I was one of the few apprentices who could park cars, and rush back in before the curtain was up, get into full makeup and beard, and be on stage as an extra in the opening scene of *Fiddler on the Roof*."

Many of French's most challenging roles over the next decade involved his makeup skill as well as his acting talent, including his favorite character, from Ferenc Molnar's *The Play's The Thing*. "The character in the play is a former matinee idol," he says, "now in his late 50's, a hopeless alcoholic and womanizer. It's the sort of role that always came to me in repertory, because of my makeup skills. The character is a horrible man, but I succeeded in getting a combination of comedy and pathos into the role that was particularly satisfying." The makeup French developed, with the director's encouragement, was French's first prosthetic work since his nightmare experience as a teen.

By the late 70's, French had done a good deal of work in repertory, and had gone to England as part of an American review, *Feiffer's People*, based upon the cartoonist's work. He had played lead roles in works by Shakespeare, Stoppard, Chekov, Williams and Molnar, and in a repertory production of the Feiffer play *Little Murders*, French developed for one of his fellow actors rubber zits that could actually be squeezed to erupt over the heads of the audience.

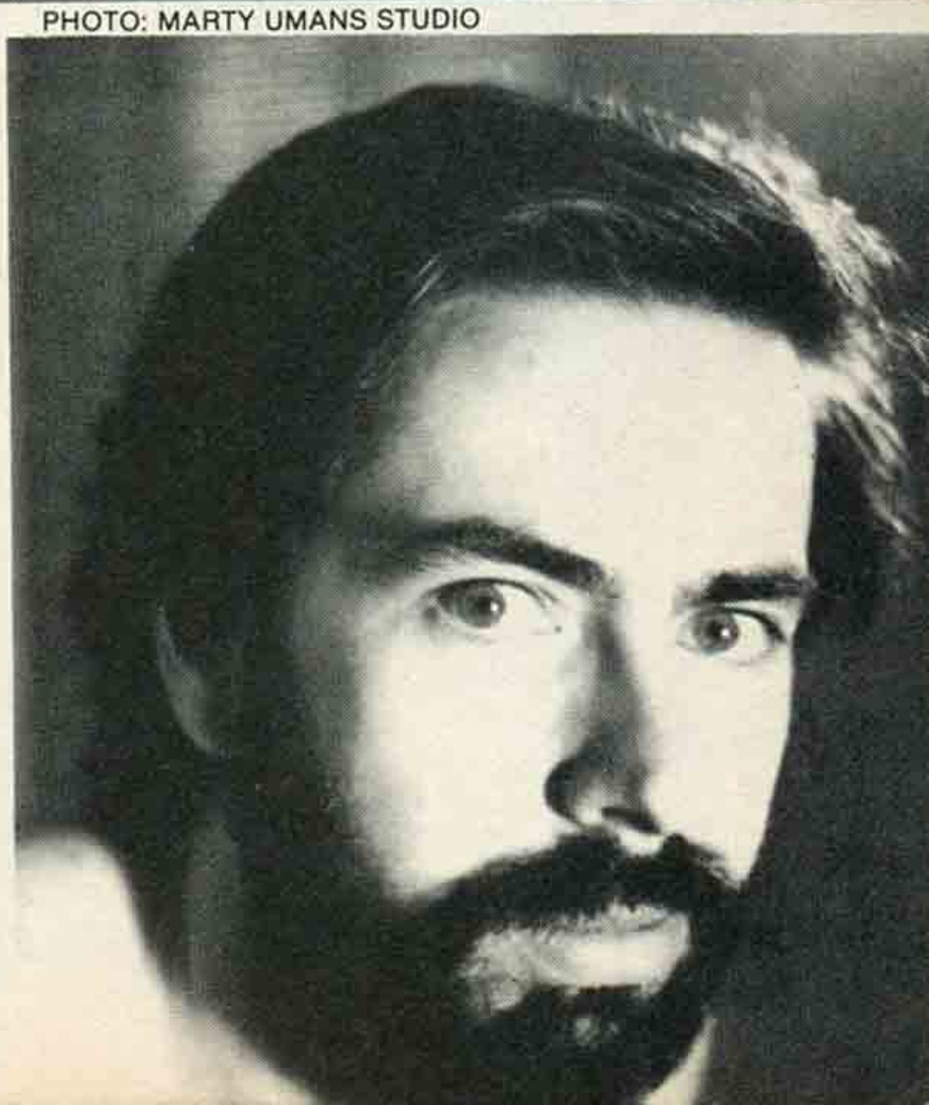
But, despite such high points, French became restless in his chosen career. "I still love stage work," he says. "But when you're doing stage, you might rehearse for a month and then perform for another month. And by the time you're two-thirds through rehearsals, you know whether you're wasting your time or not—and if you are are, you're stuck."

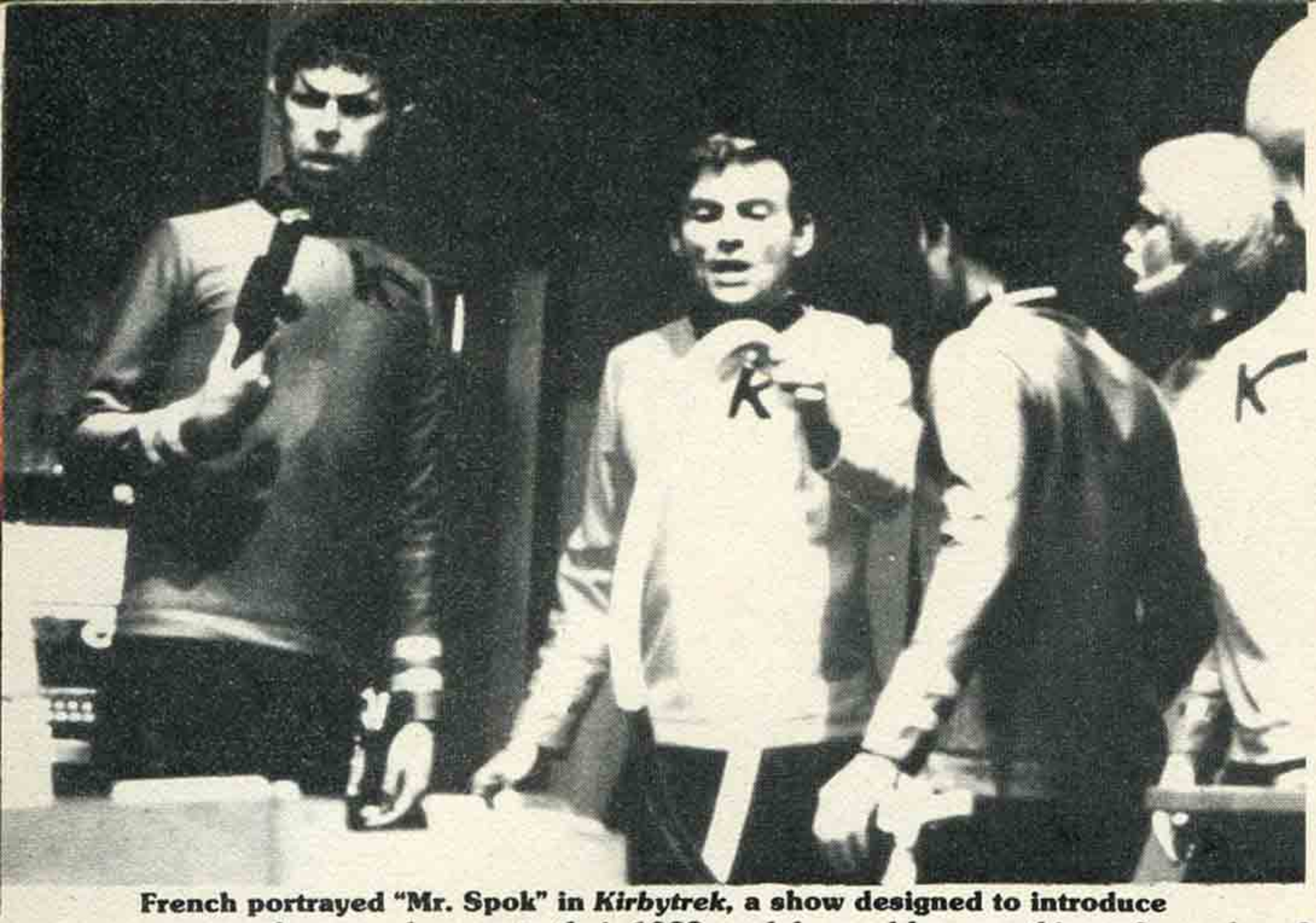
One of French's final efforts to stay active as a theatrical performer, without feeling "stuck," was a one-man show he began to develop around the Harlan Ellison-edited story collection *Dangerous Visions*. Unfortunately, Ellison seemed, by French's account, to perceive the project as competition for the author's own readings, and as a possible hazard to radio and TV deals for the material. "I told him that I saw this as an opportunity to bring these works to a different audience, not just the knowledgeable fans, but to a theater audience. I invited him to come up and see me rehearse it; I said, 'I think you'll like it.' He said, 'Don't bust my chops.' I said, 'Bye.' "

PHOTO: VICTOR VONDRACEK

PHOTO: MARTY UMANS STUDIO

Top left is the sculpture for the muscle stage of transformation, seen in action on the opposite page. Top right, French in his *Smithereens* bit as a skid-row derelict. Above is a shot from the *Bloodsucking Freaks* poster shoot, decor by French. Right: Ed French, on a normal day.





French portrayed "Mr. Spok" in *Kirbytrek*, a show designed to introduce vacuum cleaner salesmen to their 1982 models—and he gave this up for makeup?

Left, French's first commercial makeup assignment, for a medical supply house's brochure. Right, another unpleasant face from *Sleepaway Camp*.

"Anyone who is reading the magazine and wants to know how to start doing makeup should know that the first thing to do is make friends with the folks at Alcone, the New York makeup supply house. Beth and Sharon are very nice people; I've been buying from them since I was a kid in New Hampshire, but I've only been going in there regularly since 1980. They recommended me for a job, which led to a series of jobs, doing medical simulations for an ad agency that had a number of medical clients. They said they needed an open sore on a foot, and asked to see my portfolio. I didn't have one, so I said that someone else was looking at it . . . . 'But I just happen to have my kit here with me,' I said. 'Show me a picture and I'll copy it,' and I took off one shoe and sock and applied the sore to my foot."

More agency work, including medical simulations and some cosmetic work, followed. One early film-related job involved suitably bizarre makeups for the poster advertising the re-release of *The Incredible Torture Show*, retitled *Bloodsucking Freaks* (see Fango #16, "Monster Invasions").

French's first film assignment was for *Smithereens* the story of a young new waver searching for punk success. French appeared in the film, thoroughly disguised as a Bowery Bum, and was assigned by director Susan Berman to create a brief sequence, a film within the film that would parody a low-budget horror movie. Cookie Mueller, a veteran of Andy Warhol's filmmaking factory, played opposite French in a brief sequence that had Mueller terrorized by a slime-lobster, and ends with a pair of scissors in French's left eye. "Working with Cookie Mueller was quite an experience," recalls French. "I remember, the night we were shooting, I was standing there with a pair of scissors in my eye and she turned to me and said, 'I can't believe it! I'm up at 4 A.M. and I'm not even drunk!"

Another small movie project followed—the sequences filmed in New York for *Nightmare*. "There were way too many people working on that; it was complicated far beyond what was needed. Les Lorraine had done all the casts; I worked on the innards of the decapitated figure, and painted that figure, and dressed and painted the head of the guy that gets the axe, which came in looking, literally, like a football. Savini was brought in when it was realized that there was no one around who knew how to stage and photograph an effects sequence.

"We had three dummies of the woman, for that number of takes, and the boy who was to play the young murderer came in and was handed the fake axe. He swung at her from the back and hit her in the shoulder; the head came off and the blood came squirting out—wrong. The producer came in and said, more blood on the next take, and we told the kid, swing a little higher. On the second take, he hits it square in the head and knocks the head across the room. Blood squirts all over everybody. We set up the third take—there's plastic laid over everything and everybody. The producer comes out and says, 'I want *more* blood, this time I'm gonna pump the blood.' It's my job, I promise him I'll hit the ceiling this time. Meanwhile the kid is about to hit the last dummy; Savini goes up to him and asks, 'Do you wear glasses?" The kid wears glasses, and no one had thought to ask him. For the last take he wears the glasses, hits the mark and the blood hits the ceiling. That's the take they needed."

Thanks to his friendship with the people at Alcone, French was able to leave a unique calling card at the supply house—an "Elephant Man" mask he had sculpted and built, using photos of Merrick in existing reference works as his guide. John Caglione saw the mask on display at Alcone, and contacted French to join his *Amityville II* crews.

"If I went into *Amityville* with a 30 on the scale of knowing what there is to know about this kind of makeup work," says French, "afterwards it was up to about 90. I did lab work, mostly, running foam. But I learned a great deal from John.

"It was certainly my first experience working on a movie where they had money to burn. There were several stages of the possession makeup, and John would work hours on a particular stage. He'd finish, and they'd say, 'We've decided not to shoot that scene right now—we need him in a different stage.' He'd tell them that it would mean another five hours in makeup, and they'd say 'Okay, we'll do it your way,' and they'd do the scene they intended to do, using the wrong stage. But they had a brilliant editor who managed to salvage a number of things—not everything."

Another French technique for finding work is his use of picture postcards featuring his work for all mail communication. One such postcard interested Bill Bilowit, a prop designer from the *Creepshow* crew, now art direc-

(Continued on Page 62)

House of the Long Shadows

Lee, Price, Cushing and Carradine Together for the First Time! Mark of the Devil *director Michael Armstrong Talks About Scripting the All-Star Horror Show.*

By Bruce G. Hallenbeck
With Philip Nutman

To all but the obsessive horror movie buff, the name Michael Armstrong would probably mean nothing ranking right up there with the likes of Andy Milligan. But if you mention the film *Mark of the Devil*, Armstrong's best-known movie, you'll probably stir a few unpleasant memories in most people's minds. Falling into a twilight zone somewhere between Michael Reeve's *Witchfinder General* (aka *The Conqueror Worm*) and any of Herschell Gordon Lewis' gorefests, it was tiny Hallmark Distributor's top-grossing film of 1973—and probably for all time. Maybe it had something to do with the gimmick—theatre managers issued vomit bags at each screening.

Now that he is a cult movie director 10 years on, many fans have been wondering whatever happened to Armstrong. He hasn't directed a movie since *Mark of the Devil*, despite its success, and his name has slipped into obscurity. That, however, is about to change in a big way. He's just secured a place in movie history for himself as the man who wrote the film which united the awesome talents of Christopher Lee, Vincent Price, Peter Cushing and John Carradine for the first time.

The movie is the Cannon Group's *House of the Long Shadows*, a deliberate attempt to return to the Gothic horror film style established by Hammer Films. Shot entirely in England (Armstrong' home country), it promises to be a moody reminder of Britain's grisly cinematic past.

I first met Michael Armstrong at the Hammer International Convention in London on (appropriately) Halloween of 1980. Despite the fact that he had never worked with Hammer, he had been invited to attend the convention, and I asked him a few questions about his two horror films, *Horror House* and *Mark of the Devil*.

"Neither one of them was released in the form I envisaged," Armstrong said. "*Horror House* started out as a good idea. It was an old haunted house type of plot, with the added twist of a psycho with a knife stalking the mansion. But the backers of the film (American International) wanted to throw in all the trendy aspects of the late 60's, with the background of "swinging London"—which, by the way, never really existed. It was all media hype. Anyway, the distributors didn't cut the film the way I wanted, and I had very little to do with the end product."

He didn't have much better luck with *Mark of the Devil*. Hallmark Distributors latched onto the *Witchfinder General*-type plot and decided to throw in as much blood and guts as they could manage.

"It was actually a German firm that produced the film," Armstrong recalled. "I originally intended *Mark of the Devil* to be a sort of homage to Michael Reeve's *Witchfinder General*. Reeve was a good friend of mine who died tragically at the age of 22. I wanted to make a film that would capture the

Vincent Price, Christopher Lee, John Carradine and Peter Cushing—stars of *House of the Long Shadows*.

ALL HOUSE OF LONG SHADOWS PHOTOS: © 1983 CANNON GROUP

Peter Cushing in the part of Sebastian, a member of the eccentric Grisbane clan that makes life interesting for the young writer spending the night in Baldpate Manor.

feel of *Witchfinder General*. But the producers shot extra gore scenes after I had directed the film which I had nothing to do with—the tongue being pulled out, that sort of thing. And as for the vomit bag idea—I'd rather not discuss it."

Despite his bad luck with the business aspect of the film industry, Armstrong stuck with it, and he told me at the Hammer Convention of his plan to get 10 horror films onto the big screen within the next few years. He seemed to be sincerely dedicated to doing this, and to improving the lot of the horror film in general.

A year passed and I still hadn't heard of any new Armstrong projects being produced. Then, much to my surprise, I opened up Variety and saw the announcement for *House of the Long Shadows*, which was soon to go into production. I asked my co-conspirator, Philip Nutman, who works in London, to get an update on what Armstrong was up to. He located him at his office at Alpha Films, a British independent production and distribution company, situated in the heart of Soho, London's red light district.

Armstrong said that *House of the Long Shadows* came about very quickly as a film. It only took about four months from the initial idea to the end of shooting. Armstrong had met up with director Pete Walker, England's answer to George Romero (he directed such exploitation classics as *House of Whipcord, Frightmare, The Flesh and Blood Show*, and a particularly good slaughter movie called *The Confessional*). The two of them got together with producer Jenny Craven and approached Menachem Golan and Yoram Globus of Cannon Films about two projects they had in the pipeline: *Orphanage* and *Deliver Us From Evil*, both written by Armstrong. Golan was not particularly interested, but he threw

John Carradine brings over 40 years of experience in horror movies to bear in his portrayal of the elder Grisbane. On the right is Sheila Keith.

Lionel, brother of Sebastian, is played by Dr. Phibes himself, Vincent Price. Together, the Grisbanes hide some terrible secret about Baldpate Manor.

down a gauntlet: get a screenplay together that would unite the kings of horror, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, John Carradine and anyone else big in horror they could think of. Elsa Lanchester, the Bride of Frankenstein herself, was approached, but was too ill to perform. At any rate, if they could get the horror biggies, Golan would give them the money to make the movie.

Armstrong and his two collaborators went away and discussed it. All of them wanted to do a remake of *The Old Dark House* (the Karloff classic had already been remade once by Hammer) but the rights weren't available. Subsequently, they bought a similar property. In the same Gothic style as *The Old Dark House* was *Seven Keys to Baldpate* by one Earl Derr Biggers, a 1920's play that had itself been filmed five times over the years, each version under a different title.

Armstrong, Walker and Craven took the basic premise of the play—author goes to old dark house to write outstanding novel, but strange things happen, weird people appear and his plans go out the window—and they concocted a storyline over dinner. Armstrong then went home and wrote a 20-page treatment overnight. This was sent to the varous parties they were interested in getting, and it was unanimously applauded by Lee and company. This is no mean feat when you bear in mind that Lee and Cushing are reluctant to appear in horror films anymore, and Price hasn't made a movie since *Madhouse* in 1974. Having been excited by the treatment, everyone cried, "Where's the screenplay?" So, as a result of two weeks' worth of constant work, *House of the Long Shadows*, described by Armstrong as ". . . a marvelous pastiche of the Gothic mystery genre. . . a real movie buff's paradise filled with hundreds of references to films of this type. . ." was now a completed screenplay. Turned on by the prospect of working together and with a wonderful, literate script, contracts were signed by Price, Lee, Cushing and Carradine, and the production was soon underway in earnest.

"Christopher, Peter and Vincent were all taken by the screenplay," Armstrong related. "It was written specifically with them in mind and they found the idea of sending themselves up very appealing. The film is very funny and very literate. The characters wax poetical about philosophy and things like that, so it's definitely not like *Friday the 13th*, etc."

House of the Long Shadows is full of cultural references, to say the least. It even has Pete Walker stalwart Shelia Keith (who was in *House of Whipcord*, among others)

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singing extracts from Verdi operas. Talk about horrifying!

The production had a budget of three million pounds, or roughly seven-and-a-half million dollars. The film was shot entirely on location at a stately home in the rolling hills of Hampshire over a five week period. As an aside, Princess Anne was near the shoot for a couple of days while at a horse show giving out prizes, but she didn't visit the set or anything like that. Maybe she was royally scared.

The plot is essentially this: an author of popular fiction (played by, of all people, Desi Arnaz Jr.) accepts a bet from his publisher that he can write a work of classical literature in the manner of the greats like Dostoyevsky and all those other fellows with the long names. But he says he can do it in 24 hours. To get the right feel into the book he goes to stay in an old mansion to soak up the moody atmosphere. But from the word "go", things take a very unusual turn. Members of the family who owned the house (thought to be long dead) return from nowhere. Madness and the desire for revenge take over as the impromptu family gathering becomes a stormy night (literally) of truth, as dark crimes and situations come to the surface, and the skeletons in everyone's closet make an appearance. A gruesome tale of jilted passions, poisonings, suicides, hanging and other fun stuff materializes and unwinds as the plot twists and turns itself into a catalogue of 30's and 40's horror movie elements. Get this: Vincent Price's entrance in the movie is preceded by thunder and lightning. A door creaks open to reveal him dressed in a floppy fedora and cape. Price announces: "I have returned." Can you take this seriously?

Not to worry, Armstrong says, you don't have to. The film is essentially a spoof—a grisly one, to be sure, as anyone who has seen one of Pete Walker's films could promise you. It combines humor and horror in much the same way as *Creepshow*.

"Surprisingly, the film went without a hitch," said Armstrong, "which, considering how rushed everything was, is a miracle.

"Everyone found it a great pleasure to work on the film, especially with Vincent around, as he has such a dry wit. For example, during the filming of Chris Lee's death scene (a rather gruesome one) Vincent swept onto the set in his cape, intoning in a rather loud voice, 'I just love to see Chris bleed!'

"On another occasion, a member of the press inquired as to whether there are any plans for a sequel. Price replied, 'Well, they better be quick!' It was a comment that serves as a sad reminder that none of the stars are youthful anymore."

Price and Lee had first worked together in *The Oblong Box*, an American International Picture shot in England in 1969. Price, Lee and Cushing all appeared in *Scream and Scream Again*, a 1970 Amicus film, but Cushing only had a tiny cameo role. Cushing and Lee last appeared together in *The Creeping Flesh* 10 years ago for director Freddie Francis. Carradine, although the oldest of the bunch, was new to this particular group and he seemed to be having a good time too. He's appeared in everything from Shakespeare plays to grade-Z classics such as *Kiss of the Tarantula*.

Christopher Lee as Corrigan, a property developer who believes that *he*, not the Grisbanes, holds title to the mysterious mansion.

Returning to the unmannerly subject of the stars' ages, there was some consternation among them as to the amount of night shooting that was required.

"All were concerned about keeping warm" Armstrong said, "but it was Lee who made a point of demanding thermal underwear as a safeguard for keeping pneumonia at bay. Subsequently, a large order for thermal long johns and related undergarments was sent to Damart, Britain's leading thermal-ware suppliers." Armstrong smiled broadly as he reminisced about the "chilling" experience.

Armstrong and company hope that *House of the Long Shadows* will revive an interest in the long-dormant British horror film. It may help to make director Pete Walker a cult figure in the U.S. as he is in England. And it may just make Cannon Films a lot of money. After all, with Price, Lee, Cushing and Carradine—not to mention Ricky and Lucy's son—how can you lose?

Frankie Avalon buys the farm in a big way as one of the mythical hipsters in *Horror House*, one of Armstrong's professional disappointments.

PHOTO: © 1970 A.I.P.

I, Corpse Grinder

Ted V. Mikels, Director of Astro Zombies *and* The Corpse Grinders, *Spills His Guts About his Fabulous Exploitation Career.*

By Bill Landis

Ted V. Mikels is in the Herschell Gordon Lewis/Andy Milligan school of low budget horror/exploitation. His horror movies involve unique storylines, bizarre casts of amateurs or faded Hollywood stars, fake-looking gore, homemade props and eccentric humor. Besides horror, Mikels has worked in such diverse genres as action-adventure, race exploitation, softcore sexploitation and musical comedy. He has distributed other directors' films, the two of primary interest to FANGORIA readers being *The Undertaker and his Pals* and *The Worm Eaters*. Ted agreed to speak to FANGORIA between hours spent in the cutting room on his new action-adventure epic, *Operation Overkill*.

Fang: What was your first feature?

TM: It was in the late 1950s. I sold everything—home, car, everything. Even though there'a list of technicians, a credit roll a mile long, they're just friends, people who helped me out at the time. Each of these persons was probably five of the technicians and I was 10 of them. We didn't have a crew.

Fang: Is it a horror film?

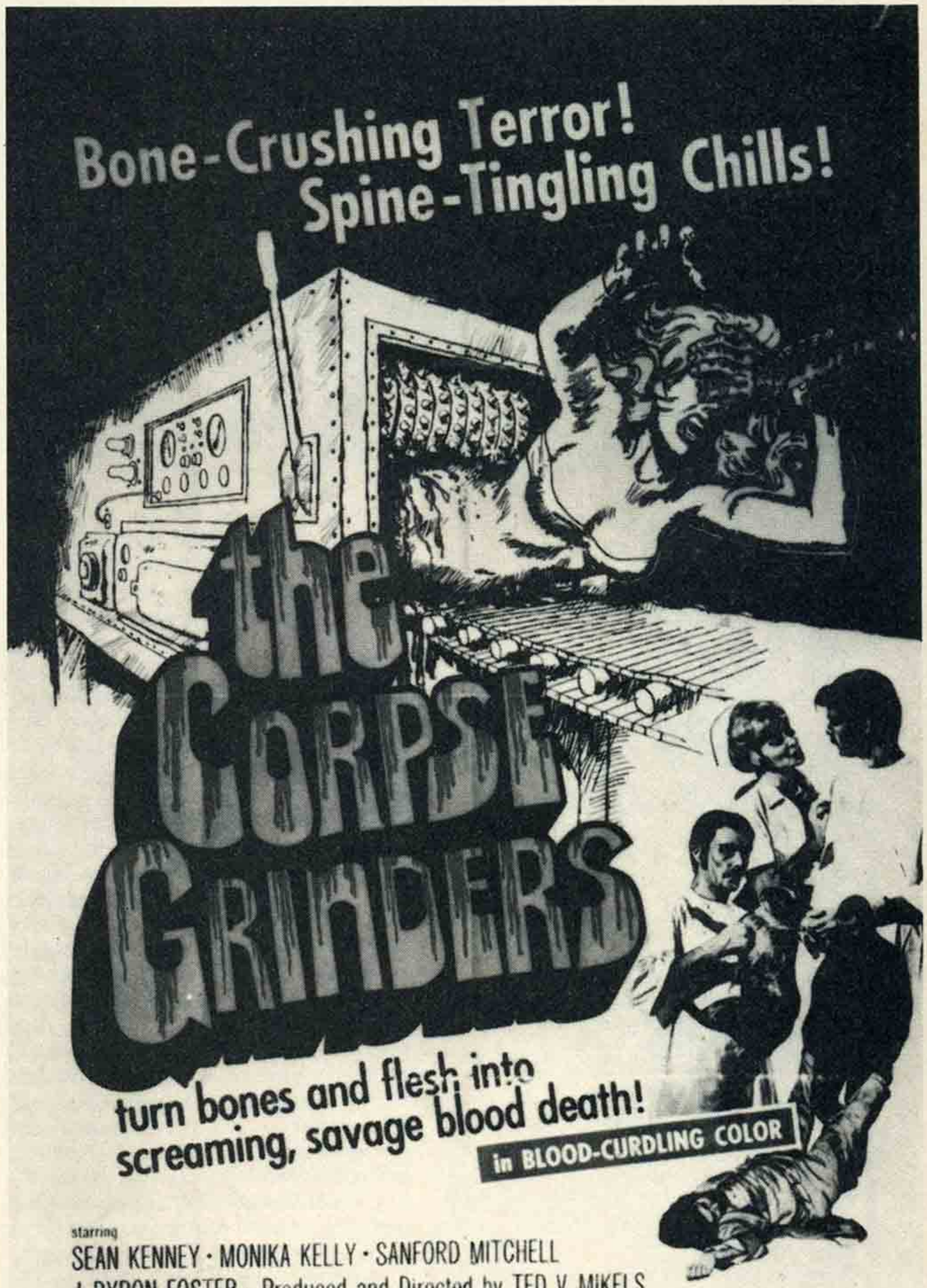
TM: No. *Strike Me Deadly* is an outdoor action-adventure. As far as horror films are concerned, maybe it's the background of my ancestry, my ancestral heritage—Transylvania, Austria, Croatia and so on—probably lends itself to macabre-type things. My first love has always been action-adventure.

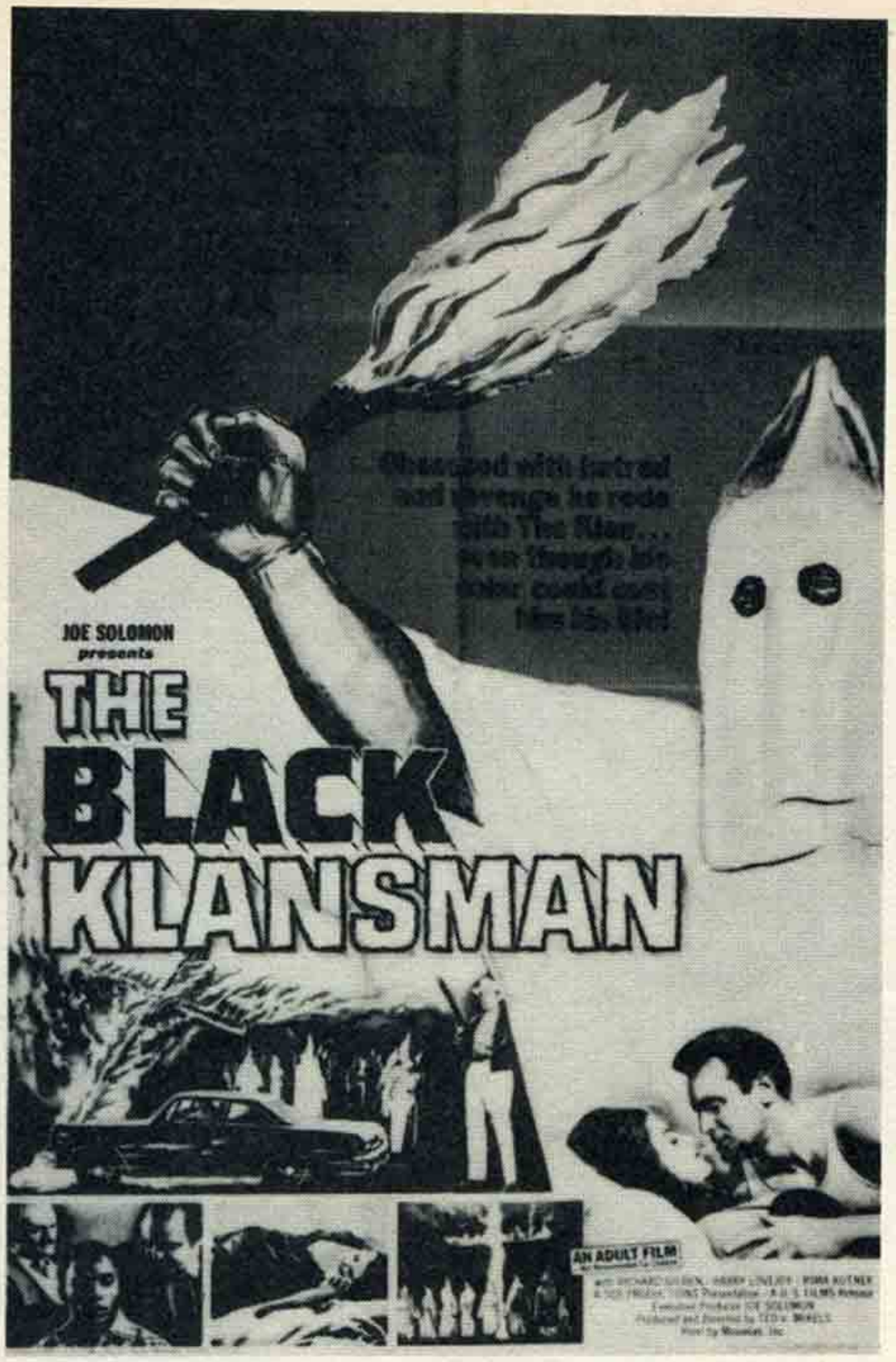
Fang: How did you first get involved in horror?

TM: I've made films and many of them have been horror. More of my films are action-adventure. They have to do with everything from musicals to witchcraft, you name it. So when you speak of horror, what do you consider?

Fang: *Corpse Grinders, Blood Orgy, Astro Zombies, Undertaker and his Pals*. Did you have any actual involvement in *The Undertaker and his Pals*?

TM: That film was brought to me about 1966. At that time, the makers of the film had included a lot of scenes that were so gory, so far out that they did not find a market for it. They had extended sequences that were actual medical footage cut into the film. I had a screening of it and people were losing their cookies. I recut the picture, edited the picture and took it on for release.


Bone-Crushing Terror!
Spine-Tingling Chills!
the CORPSE GRINDERS
turn bones and flesh into
screaming, savage blood death!
in BLOOD-CURDLING COLOR
starring
SEAN KENNEY · MONIKA KELLY · SANFORD MITCHELL
J. BYRON FOSTER · Produced and Directed by TED V. MIKELS
A T.V. MIKELS FILM PRODUCTION · RELEASED BY GENENI FILM DISTRIBUTING CO. INC.



Fang: It was much gorier than in the release version?

TM: It was *so* gory. It was the shortest picture I've had anything to do with. I released the picture at about 60 minutes—very short for a feature film.

Fang: I have seen the film and it is fairly bloody in its present form.

TM: You should have seen it before. [Laughter] It was about 85 minutes of extremely bloody stuff. Of course, the bloody stuff doesn't particularly intrigue me. The thing that intrigues me is—the greatest challenge for me—is to make an audience feel something. Scare them, make them laugh, make them cry. It was long, long years before I did my first horror film. It's necessary to reach people, to make them feel something. I guess what I'm trying to do, even in some of those early films as a teenager, is to reach people, to shock them. This falls in that realm, to shock people, frighten them, get a reaction. That's the greatest charge I get out of entertaining people is to get a strong reaction. With the horror film it isn't so much the gore as the tongue-in-cheek, the macabre tongue-in-cheek. The grinding of the dead bodies in *Corpse Grinders* into cat food, something like that. I get a titillation out of a catch-line like that.

Fang: I think *The Corpse Grinders* is one of the quintessential low-budget horror films. I think your lighting is better than in *Creepshow*, which attempts to use colored lighting in a similar way.

TM: Is that correct? You know, we did so much playing around. Part of what no one understands when I do a film like that is that I don't have any money whatsoever to do anything else. Meaning, we put things together in *Corpse Grinders*—I had less money, almost a fraction of what people say.

Fang: How much did the film cost?

TM: I had $1700. That went nowhere. There were days when we'd start shooting and I'd ask everyone to be there because it was all volunteer. I've always taught a lot of people. That day, I was teaching the camerman on his first job how to load the camera. We were shooting on Cecil B. DeMille's estate and it was sort of funny, all the extras and people standing there. The cameraman never shot a picture. He was a sweetheart of a guy. He'd yell out over the crowd, he had a booming voice, "Ted, will you come over here and show me how to load this camera." That's how *The Corpse Grinders* was made—nobody on the crew or in the picture had ever been in a movie or on a set before.

Fang: What can you tell me about the cast members—they're the biggest collection of anomalies I have ever seen in a movie.

TM: Is that right? We had a lot of fun. I made up my mind that I was going to use a lot of wild, weird characters. Charlie Fox was pretty much of a character, he's skinny as a rail, large adam's apple, big buggy eyes. Beautiful guy. Of course, his chances of working in films were very slight. To get a part he was quite thrilled. Some of the characters were friends of mine who were rather startling. The lady Tessie who was the one-legged lady operating on a crutch with the additional handicap of being leaf and dumb. To me that was fun. We would tie up one of her legs and make her hobble around, ready to fall all the time, on the crutch. Then when she was ready to fall, she'd catch herself, you see, she'd have to let go of the crutches. It's not fun that she has these handicaps, the fun part is putting together all these characters that each in themselves are incredible. Maltby is another character. I don't know whatever else he did in the way of other performances. Landau was Dustin Hoffman's cousin. As I said, most of the people hadn't been on a set, including my technicians. My sweetheart's boyfriend had just returned from Vietnam. He had been a captain. We made him a sound man. He had never done sound before, and we also made him production manager. So we put together a style that is a little bit beyond low budget.

Fang: How much did the film end up costing?

TM: This is probably one of the few films that grossed so many more times than it cost. In its final analysis with all the laboratory bills, everybody's salary which we had deferred—the completed cash money was $16,700. The total amount including the laboratory and deferred payments to the technicians was $47,000. So we're talking about a budget that was $1700 to start and we went along and picked up a few dollars here and there.

A Guide to Mikels

The Black Klansman (1966)—A light skinned black man infiltrates the Alabama Klan.
The Undertaker and his Pals (1966)—During a slack period, an undertaker and two motorcycle thugs aggressively drum up business.
Astro Zombies (1968)—Astro men with defective brains rip vital organs from victims until the CIA steps in. With Wendell Corey, Tura Satana, and John Carradine.
The Corpse Grinders (1972)—Maltby (J. Byron Foster) and Landau (Sanford Mitchell) grind bodies into cat food.
Blood Orgy of the She Devils (1972)—The activities of a contemporary witch coven, including the use of voodoo dolls to drown victims and make them itch to death.
The Doll Squad (1974)—Female secret agents battle villains on an island fortress.
The Worm Eaters (1975)—An incomprehensible tale about half-man, half-worm creatures.
10 Violent Women (1982)—More female heroines in action-adventure situations.

Fang: Does it bother you that your films are considered laughable by some horror fans?
TM: When the day comes when I want to make a film that's not laughable, I assure you people will not laugh at it. When I do a laughable film, it's because I'm laughing so hard when I'm doing it. When I'm putting the boom low on the floor and putting blood on the bodies laying there so that the cats lick it off—it's got cat food in it so the cats can smell it—I'm laughing out loud. People say, "What are you doing?" I say, "Come on, this is fun!" So I'm laughing so hard that I certainly wouldn't even make any attempt to be serious. But when I do—I shot something, for instance, called *The Hostage*. When I shoot something to scare people they're scared.
Fang: Which ones of your films do you consider actually frightening?
TM: Some of those more serious attempts were usually handled by other people trying to make a horror film. Of course, since I did understand lighting so well, and was a cameraman and editor, I would shoot sequences in their films for them that would frighten people. In *The Hostage*, a boy was chased through an empty house where people appeared to be truckers making their delivery of furniture, but were actually killers.,
Fang: That's with John Carradine.
TM: Right. They're chasing the little boy through the house and the lightning flashes through the window and the wind howls outside and the men don't know where the boy is. The boy had witnessed a murder by them. The little boy, the camera right over his eyes reflecting whatever light was available which was a tiny bit to create a dark effect. That, to me, was frightening. I did write one that I have not done and will do one day called *Castle Ray*. I live in an old beat-up barn of a castle. It lends itself constantly to location-shooting—people want to shoot here.
Fang: Wasn't *Blood Orgy of the She Devils* shot there?
TM: Yeah. We built a dungeon here.
Fang: What can you tell me about that film? It isn't as coherent as *The Corpse Grinders*.
TM: We had a problem in marketing the film. You're talking about 10 years ago, or 12.
Fang: It was 1972.
TM: That's when it was released. I did it a year before that. I cut it shorter and shorter. It had more mystique. The camerawork was stylized. We had the woman with the crystal ball reading the future and so on. We had the camerawork stylized so we had the full moon, objects of a frightening nature, blurring out of focus, dissolving. Little by little we kept cutting out. We used a synthesizer for the first time in one of my pictures. It was a longer, more artful presentation. Until we found that, number one, the newspapers would not print the title at that time. To this day, I don't know if they would.
Fang: I saw the film just last year on 42nd Street, it was re-released. I found the most memorable parts were the flashbacks to other times, the witchcraft scene, the torture chamber scene, things like that.
TM: Yeah, those were all little touches of the macabre presenting witchcraft as it actually existed. I didn't make any attempt to be humorous like in *The Corpse Grinders*. I didn't make any particular attempt except getting back to that thing of trying to shock people, but not really. Like I said, when I make the effort—and I don't believe I've made the effort yet—to scare people, I will. *Astro Zombies* has a few terrifying things in it with the creatures that are like zombies only they have a synthetic heart that's driven by a pump.
Fang: Have you seen any recent films you've liked?
TM: I like most any film I see. I choose the pictures I do see rather carefully so I do like most of them. Almost any film I go to just to observe or enjoy—I don't go there to study other people's work, I don't go there to dissect, so to speak, chew them up. I look at a lot of films for my company. I'm always looking at a lot of other people's pictures to see if I would release them. In looking at these pictures I would find many that are not worthy of presentation. Meaning, they are so poorly put together, so poorly directed or performed, or so poorly edited, there's just not anything there to entertain people.
Fang: Although I haven't seen it, *The Worm Eaters*, which you released, has been criticized as that.
TM: They will take a great deal. I have a critique on *The Worm Eaters* that is quite pleasing. On that one, I lay no claim. I lay claim to

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PG

putting it out there but that is not my writing, my direction, nor my editing. A good friend came up with a bunch of ideas that, I think, were freaky and funny. We talked about different shows. He didnt' have any scripts or anything on him. Titles like *The Scab People* and *The Worm Eaters*.

Fang: Another friend who saw the film found it very funny.

TM: Well, it is and it takes almost a youthful approach. We had a great deal of difficulty marketing *The Worm Eaters*. It's a little outside of my realm, meaning the humor is not the type of humor I would put in the type of films I write, direct, edit and so on. But it is funny. Herb Robbins is a very talented man, he also is the worm man. He did the script and was the director and so on. Of course, that was made without any money.

Fang: You've said your *The Doll Squad* was the basis for *Charlie's Angels*.

TM: That's correct.

Fang: Can you expand on this?

TM: Of course. Now, *The Doll Squad* represents more typically what I enjoy doing, which is action-adventure-intrigue. I prefer rather intensive drama and heavy action. Also, it involves a lot of things. To me, the female is the most exquisite animal on earth and can do no wrong, So, females doing things that guys do, doing them a little more delicately, or a little differently, moves things into the world of fantasy and is more acceptable. For example, eight girls that are loaded with bombs in their shoes and heels and various bits of poison pills for drinks and rings filled with mace and so on, that presents something that's a little more credible to me than a bunch of guys trying to do the same thing. I mean, we know it's not possible for eight girls to take on an island garrison of 300 bad guys and wipe 'em out. Especially without the support of the military and air force and everything else. So, it becomes, almost again, a thing of tongue-in-cheek. . . They communicated with the man with the transoceanic walkie-talkie, the transoceanic radio receiver transmitting. . . Anyway, one girl took the picture to the creators of the aforementioned series. One girl had taken the script. Three years before *Charley's Angels*, her name was Sabrina. We had a guy on the transoceanic walkie-talkie whose name was Charley. He happened to be a senator who worked out of an office with a flag and all that. I was startled that they were using the names in my picture as well as the situations. It was too direct a takeoff. The same name, the same situations, the same one man communicating with all the girls, the same radio transmitter.

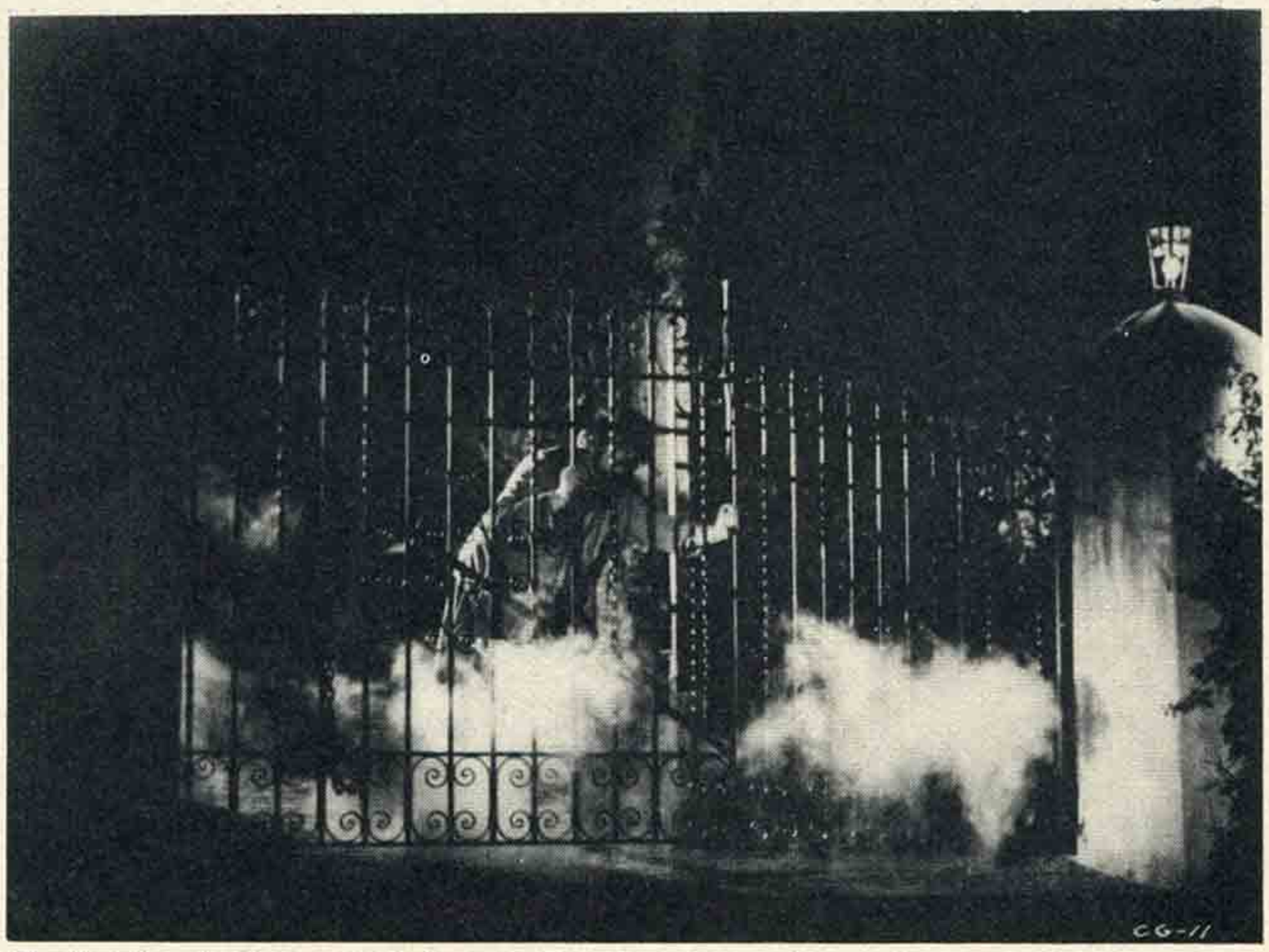
Fang: Is the fake-looking violence in your films deliberate on your part or a budgetary limitation?

TM: Deliberate, because I feel whatever I do in my films I do not wish to give anyone ideas. I prefer totally fake to the very real. It's like when we're grinding out bones in *The Corpse Grinders*, people were laughing. What am I doing, putting so many bones on the floor and so many bones on the boards and on the rollers of the grinding machine and the big barrel of bones? I wanted it to be so freaky and so far out, it could be laughable. I don't want anyone to believe this violence, even as a little kid—I spoke to a number of young children who were genuinely frightened by *The Corpse Grinders*. That was the first realization I had that not everybody sees the picture the same way. My own son—now he's about 20 years old, then he was 8 years old or 9—he said he had nightmares for weeks after seeing it.

Fang: What could you say about your personal life, on the record?

TM: My lifestyle isn't exactly like anyone else's I know. I have my thoughts on that. I prefer having a group of ladies with me with ambitions, especially if they're so inclined to be involved with my industry, whether they're technicians or actresses or performers of some sort. Very creative people who want to do anything that has to do with my industry. Which is very wide and varied. I like it if the ladies that visit with me choose a field of entertainment work. My lady got into sound and loves sound recording, another one got into editing so much she made her own picture. The world at large doesn't understand how this can be a very moral arrangement. I don't dictate to anyone and they don't dictate to me. Yet, we have ex-

(Continued on Page 63)



The lighting in *Corpse Grinders:* Better than *Creepshow*, says Landis. The only way we could afford to do it, says Mikels.

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- ☐ PRANKS

Badder Late Than Never

From the Weirdprocessor of Dr. Ackula

In a parallel world where things happen the way they are *supposed* to; where, after a quarter of a century an editor's work is published as intended; the Tribute to Bela Lugosi (page opposite) appeared as it should have last year.

However—as we mere mortals are functioning in a world which has not yet been perfected, there are occasional oversights and disappointments.

Since the periodical I formerly edited didn't see fit to honor Ygor, the Thirsty Count, the White Zombie Master and the Leader of the Manimals on the Island of Lost souls, on the occasion of what would have been, had he remained in the land of the living, his 100th Birthday, better late than never, FANGORIA has recognized the importance of the occasion by allowing me to (dare I say it?) wish a *Bela*ted Happy Birthday to the Legendary Lugosi in his Carpathian Castle in the Great Beyond.

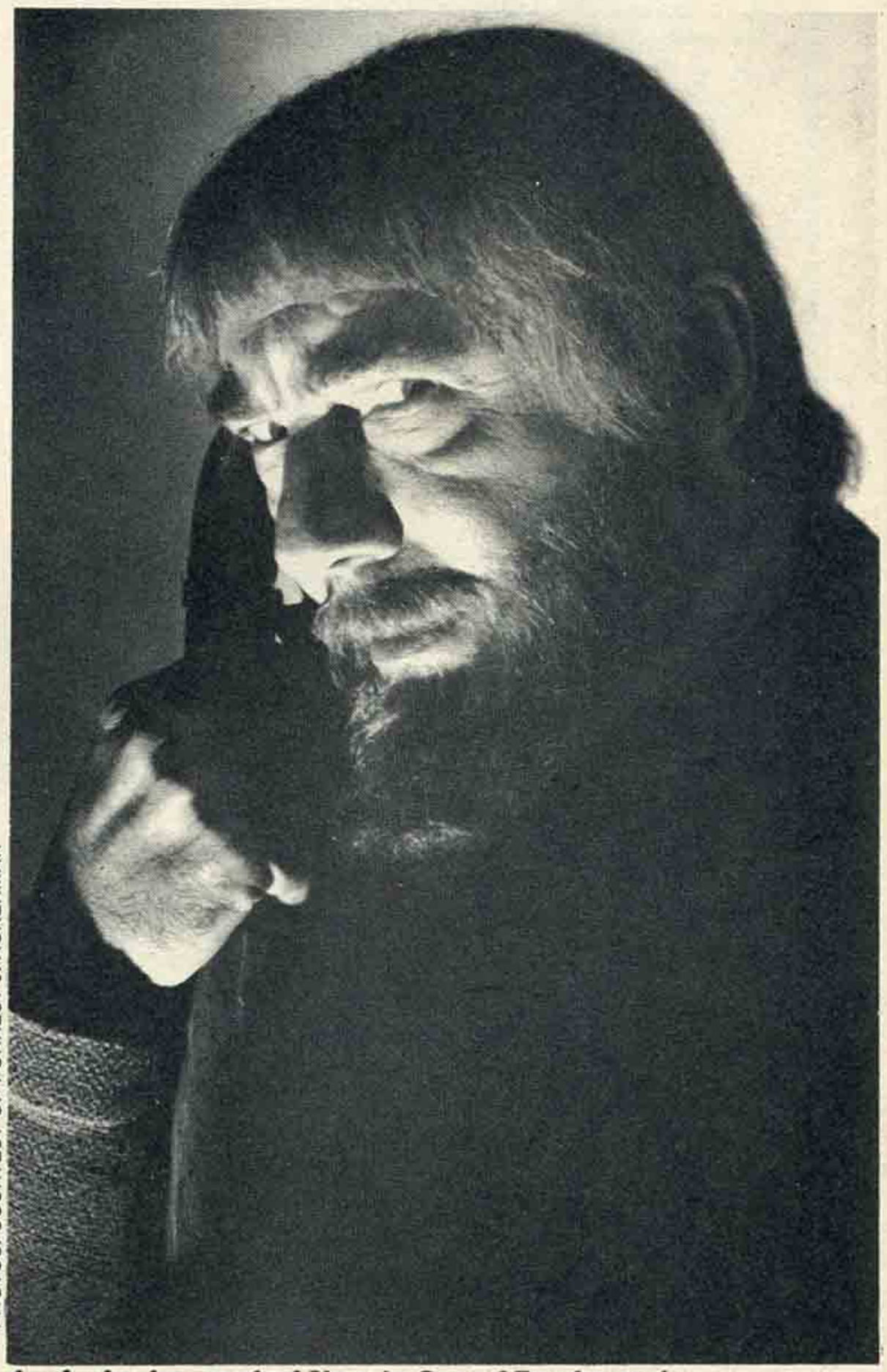
Let me take this opportunity too, at this time, to extend sincerest wishes to lawyer Bela Lugosi, Jr., the flesh and blood re-embodiment of a distinguished father, for a long and prosperous life.

BELA LUGOSI LIVES ETERNAL!

—Forrest J. Ackerman

The smile of evil.

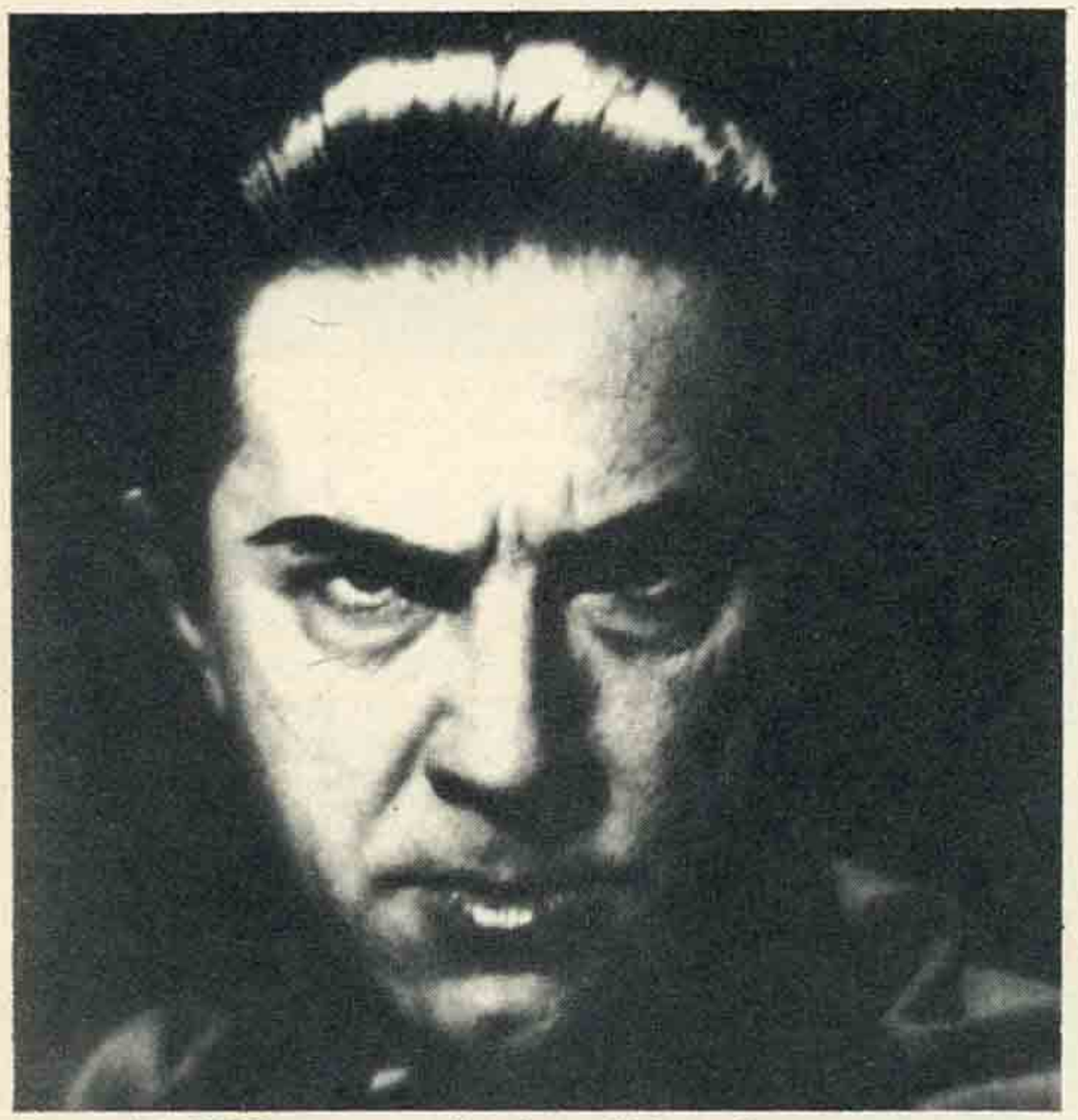
PHOTOS: COURTESY OF FORREST J. ACKERMAN



As the broken-necked Ygor in *Son of Frankenstein*.

Vampire meets vampiric venus fly trap.

Legendre in *White Zombie*.



From the 1927 stage production of *Dracula*.

As one of Dr. Moreau's half-beasts in *Island of Lost Souls*.

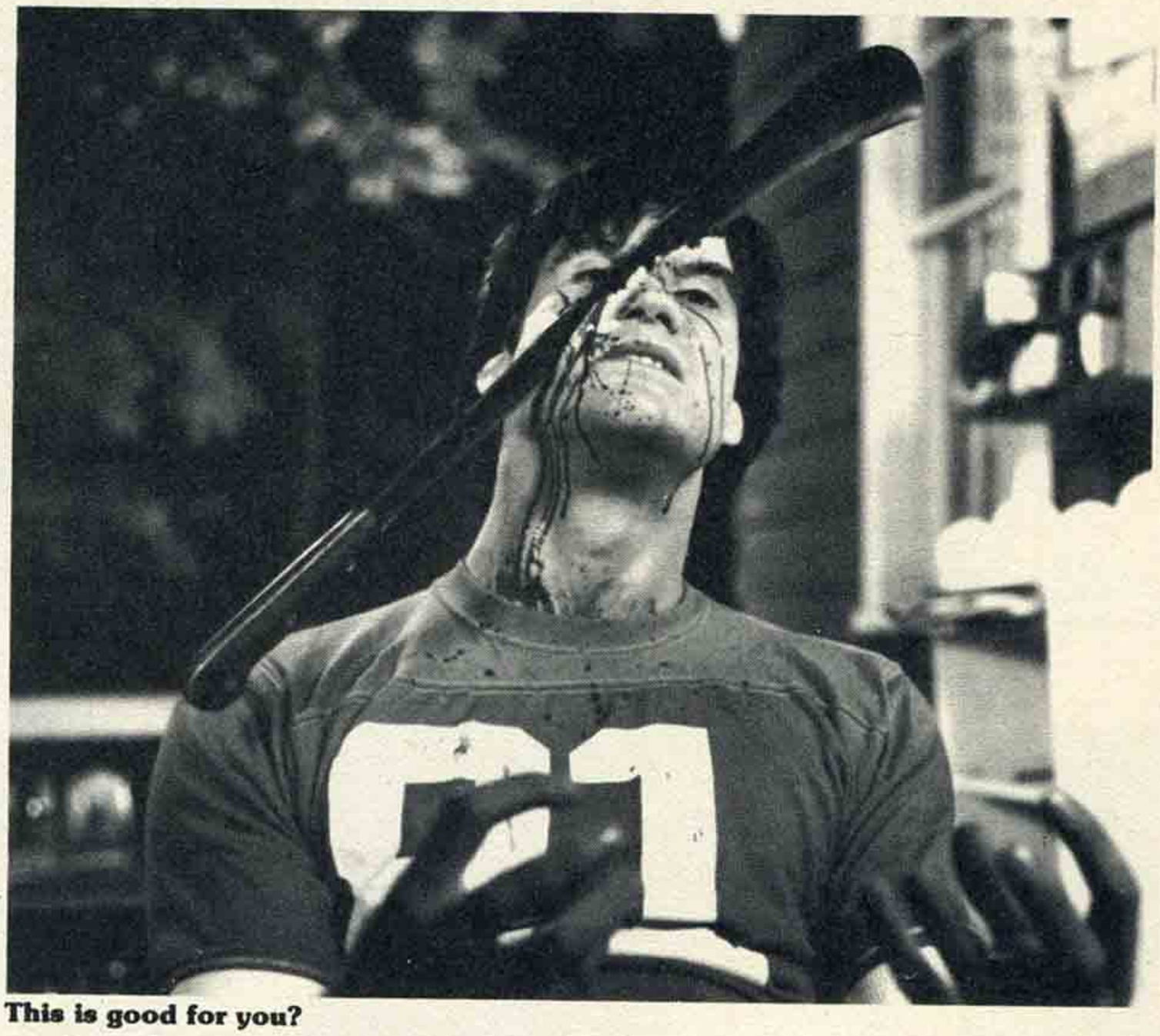
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BELA!
1882-1982

Attention, Prince Sirki: 100 Candles for the Great Lugosi, Please!

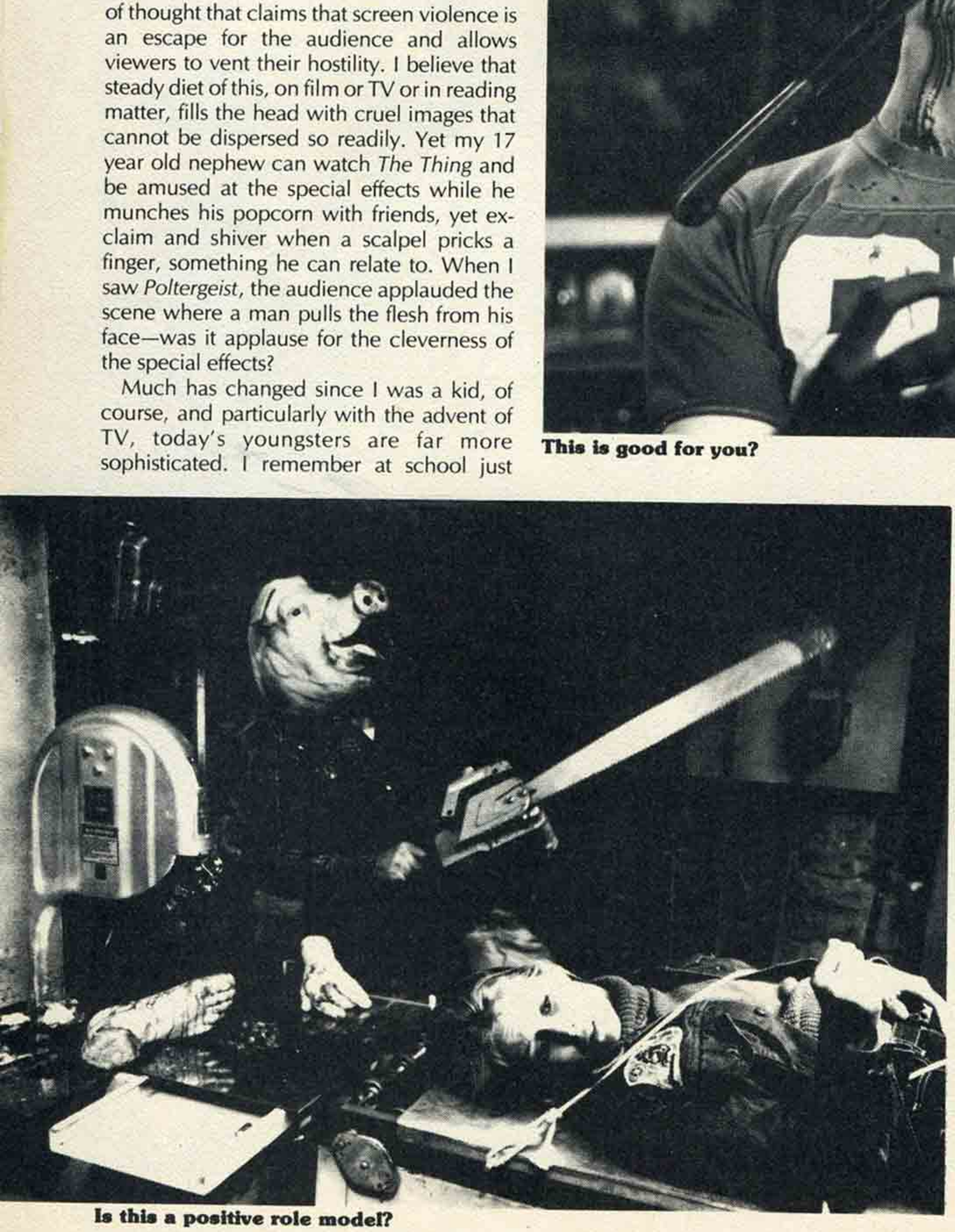
The Pit & the Pen
of
Alex Gordon

When I read some of the letters from FANGORIA readers stating how they love gore, violence and bloodletting in horror films, I cannot help wondering how this affects their relationship with loved ones, girl friends, family, pets. Is it really true that viewing these ever more sickening events of cruelty in today's movies does not harden them, distort their thinking, give them macho ideas and make them incapable of tender caring and consideration? There is the school of thought that claims that screen violence is an escape for the audience and allows viewers to vent their hostility. I believe that steady diet of this, on film or TV or in reading matter, fills the head with cruel images that cannot be dispersed so readily. Yet my 17 year old nephew can watch *The Thing* and be amused at the special effects while he munches his popcorn with friends, yet exclaim and shiver when a scalpel pricks a finger, something he can relate to. When I saw *Poltergeist*, the audience applauded the scene where a man pulls the flesh from his face—was it applause for the cleverness of the special effects?

Much has changed since I was a kid, of course, and particularly with the advent of TV, today's youngsters are far more sophisticated. I remember at school just



This is good for you?



Is this a positive role model?

before the outbreak of World War II, realizing I would be drafted, reading through the biographies of movie stars in the World Film Encyclopedia, envying those who had done their service in the previous war and come out alive, able to continue their careers. It was there that I first read about Lon Chaney and the other great horror stars I was yet to see in movies. Later, it was a thrill to see Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi in one of their chillers for the first time, *The Invisible Ray*. This did not scare me but *Sequoia* did, a family film about a wildlife compound which climaxes with a friendly mountain lion attacking his foe, the villainous Paul Hurst, clawing his face to a bloody pulp and forcing him over a cliff. That fine movie gave me nightmares for months, as did *Name that Woman*, a B thriller with Richard Cromwell in which a man climbs into someone's bedroom at night to attack and rob. For months I tried to stay awake at night in case this happened in our home in London. Then to *The Old Dark House* and *The Invisible Man* and *King Kong*—the first appearance of the giant ape was quite frightening to us kids at the time. It would be some years later before we were permitted to see *Frankenstein* and *Dracula*, hard to perceive by today's young audiences who regard these movies in a completely dif-

Lionel Atwill turns Lon Chaney, Jr. into a *Man-Made Monster* (1941).

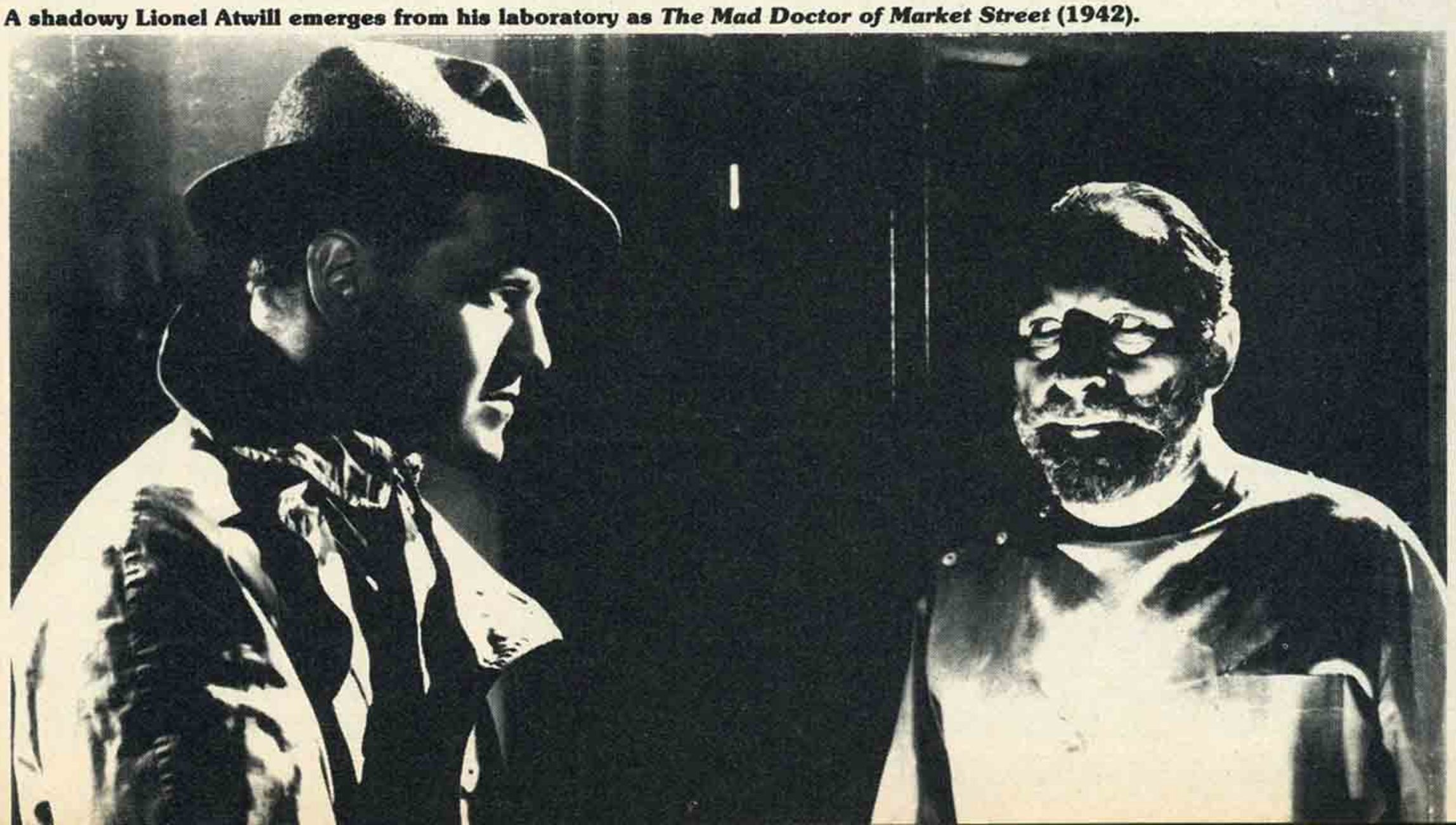
ferent light. To think that audiences screamed and fainted at the first showings of the classics!

Snow White supposedly scared kids with scenes of the wicked witch, but menacing scenes in ordinary surroundings were more horrific and nightmare-inducing to us then, as I believe they are to kids now. I find it very hard to believe that Hitchcock's *Psycho* is regarded in some circles as a comedy-horror film now. This is the most horrific movie I have ever seen in all my years of movie going, and I would not want to see it again. Have we come so far that this picture is now taken in stride too? I cannot understand what is entertaiing about chainsaws and all the other horror tortures so explicit on the screen today. Can it be a new version of the ancient Grand Guignol of French and English stage fame and popularity,when eye-gouging, rape and torture were presented so graphically? Hammer Films seemed to start it all screen-wise with their first color Frankenstein film where body parts and entrails were displayed so openly and since then it has been all downhill.

* * *

Horror favorite Lionell Atwill bought his newspapers and Hollywood trade papers from Leo, the weather-beaten man whose stand at the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Cochran Avenue is popular with purchasers of the Hollywood Reporter and Daily Variety. Atwill, a distinguished stage actor who made his feature film debut in Fox's *Silent Witness*, became so popular in horror films like *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* and *Doctor X* and *The Vampire Bat* and thrillers like *The Sphynx* and his police inspector in *Son of Frankenstein* that audiences forgot his fine portrayals in movies like *The Devil is a Woman* directed by Joseph von Sternberg and starring Marlene Dietrich. Towards the end of his career Atwill found work only in serials like *Lost City of the Jungle* at Universal, where he had starred not only in *Son of Frankenstein* but *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head* and *Secrets of the Blue Room*. At Paramount, too, his work in *Murders in the Zoo* helped type him in horror roles, though he did sterling work in Samuel Goldwyn's production based on Emile Zola's *Nana* starring Anna Sten, who 23 years later was to star in my AIP film *Runaway Daughters* with Marla English of *The She Creature* fame. Like Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, who played many straight dramatic roles, Atwill is remembered for his horror films.

A shadowy Lionel Atwill emerges from his laboratory as *The Mad Doctor of Market Street* (1942).



THE BLOOD BOUTIQUE

Amateur filmmakers, makeup beginners and Halloweeners have all asked us the same question—"but where do I get it?"

Professional quality makeup supplies can be purchased at your local drugstore, but there are certain specialty items that can be hard to find. The Blood Boutique is designed to solve that particular problem. We hope to present some basic information on the use of these materials in a future issue of FANGORIA. Current and back issues of CINEMAGIC also offer detailed makeup information, as does the Theater Arts section of your local library.

We welcome your comments and suggestions for the possible improvement of this service.

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Shockabilly!

The Roots of Horror Rock

By Johnny Legend

FOREWARD

Shock waves rocked the world on February 3, 1959 when three of the country's brightest young musical pioneers bought the big one in a tragic plane crash. While the commoners focused most of their grief on Richie Valens and Buddy Holly, I reserved my personal prayers for the one and only Jay P. Richardson, better known as The Big Bopper, the budding genius who gave the world "Purple People Eater Meets the Witch Doctor." Yes, long decades before the current crop of Cramps, Misfits, Ozzie Ozbournes and the entire legion of rockabilly-punk-practitioners, there existed a brave, hearty breed of fledgling artists who struggled valiantly against tough odds to carve a niche in the wilderness of Popular Music for that which has come to be known as HORROR or MONSTER ROCK.

OUR STORY

It is common knowledge that in the mid-1950's rock'n'roll swept the world. Almost overnight, everybody and their grandmother (from Pat Boone to Tennessee Ernie Ford) were jumping on the bandwagon. And the monsters among us, perhaps more stoic and conservative than the average Joe, were eventually to follow.

For many of us aspiring young horror sprouts, the first authentic musical monsterpiece was the deceptively titled *Spike Jones in Hi-Fi (or Stereo)*. Featuring characterizations of virtually every known horror 'hepcat" of the era (vampires, ghouls, zombies, Karloff, Lugosi, Lorre) and performed by the likes of Spike, Paul Frees and Vampira, this "real gone disc" somehow blended horrific old standards ("My Old Flame") with the beat generation and boasted at least one certifiable rocker—"I Was A Teenage Brain Surgeon":

"...After operating I'd pause,
tighten the gauze, and wait for applause,
While my patients' laughed hysterically,
Obviously, they were in stitches over me.
I was a teenage brain surgeon,
The sharpest operator in town..."

Others of us among "the public at large" were deeply moved by Creed Taylor's *Shock* LP and it's successor, *Panic, Son of Shock!* These two milestones, in addition to single-handedly creating the genre of "horror noir," liberated our sub-juvenile imaginations by placing "us" in the driver's seat. Each cut on the album tells a subdued, murky tale, utilizing only music and haunting effects. A brief example—"Heartbeat":

You are alone in a strange city in a lonely hotel room several flights above the street level, unable to sleep. Your heartbeat is irregular. You hear someone walking on the street below, whistling an eerie tune. The tune catches in your head, and builds louder and louder as your heart beats faster and faster. The intensity becomes unbearable, you plunge out the window. A chilling scream echoes off into the night. The whistling stranger casually strolls away.

The team of Buchanan & Goodman also made some kind of an early impression with their series of novelty/answer records like "Flying Saucer" and "Santa and the Satellites." These are the gentlemen who pioneered the technique of editing their own zany antics together with lines from current hits: (Example: Knock on a door, Little Richard answers "I Hear You Knockin' But You Can't Come In.") Dickie Goodman soon decided to "go it alone" (here we are not even out of the 50's and already the pioneers are splitting up) but maintained the duo's familiar style with releases like "Frankenstein '59" and "Horror Movies." Dickie has remained active right up to the present and is currently embroiled in some legal flack over his satire on *E.T.*

The legendary Screamin' Jay Hawkins should certainly be recognized as the first acknowledged major horror rock star. Mixing rhythm-and-blues, rock, horror, voodoo, and anything else he could latch his claws onto, Screamin' Jay was prolific not only in the recording studio but also on the performing stage. Emerging from a handsome coffin, wielding his pet skull-cane (aptly named "Henry"), Jay would proceed to deliver a set of non-stop insanity climaxed by maniacal jungle screams, a puff of smoke, and a resounding slam of the coffin lid. Although the riveting "I Put A Spell on You" is his best-remembered chart hit, I think a brief sample of "Feast of the Mau-Maus" will provide some insight as to where Jay's head is at:

> Cut the fat off the back of a
> baboon
> Boil it down to a pound in a
> spoon,
> Scoop the eye from a fly flyin'
> backwards,
> Take the jaws and the paws off a
> 'coon.
> Take the flees from the knees of a
> demon,
> Brush your teeth with a piece of
> goose toe-nail,
> After death, steal the breath of a
> drunk in jail . . .
> The feast with the beast of the
> Mau-Mau's has begun . . .

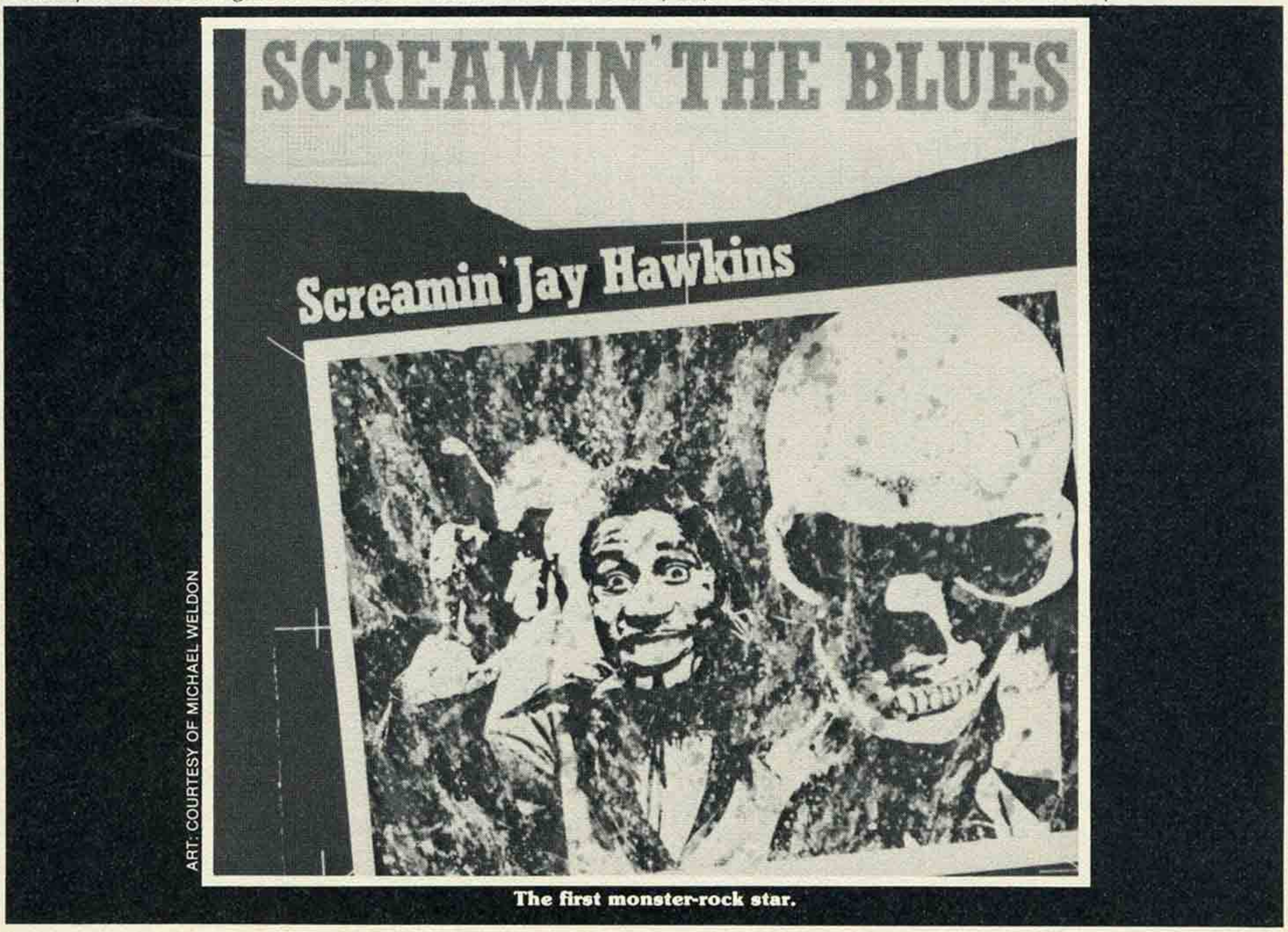
Screamin' Jay's original stage act can be seen only too briefly in the otherwise excellent film *American Hot Wax.*

Moving quickly past the obvious notoriety of such primitive hits as David Seville's "The Witch Doctor" and Sheb (Ben Colder) Wooley's "Purple People Eater," some attention must be paid to another bona-fide chart hit from the early days—Bob McFadden and Dor's "The Mummy." Claiming on its 45 record jacket (Brunswick 9-55140) to be "inspired by the Hammer Film of the same name" and featuring Christopher Lee in costume, "The Mummy" was yet another entry in the "novelty-horror" vein. Although about as novel as a fart at a chili cook-off, "The Mummy" is worth noting as an embryonic work of none other than Rod McKuen, who not only hastens to take credit for "words and music" but also performs under the clever pseudonyn of "Dor." Possibly the very first "wrap" record, the song chronicles the adventures of a wimpy mummy who wobbles around scaring people until it runs into a beatnik (Roddy baby!) who is "too hep" to be afraid. Catchy buzz lyrics such as:

MUMMY: I'm a mummy!
DOR: You mean you're a mutha!

provide a chilling glimpse of what we could expect from Mr. McKuen in decades to come. The follow-up LP *Songs Our Mummy Taught Us* (Brunswick 54056) features additional rockers like "Frankie and Igor At A Rock and Roll Party," "Shriek of Agony" (a shrewd parody of "Shiek of Araby"), and "Son of the Mummy," an ill-fated sequel which never achieved the popularity of its predecessor.

Not to be left out in the cold, the irrepressible Lenny Bruce found time somewhere along the way to hit the recording studio and log in his own contribution to shock-rock, "My Werewolf Mama," released on blood-red vinyl.



The first monster-rock star.

Well the werewolf said, beauty's only skin deep,
When I look at you, my skin starts to creep,
You're my werewolf mama, freaky as you can be. . .

The song then strangely mellows down to a rambling narrative in which Lenny improvises a Lugosi-ish laboratory routine complete with vocal sound fx (years ahead of Jonathan Winters), eventually resulting in the creation of a monster which turns out to be Lawrence Welk! At this point, the tune "takes off" again.

Perhaps the first successful marriage between rock music and monster movies can be found in The Zanies' "Beware of the Blob," featured in the title sequence of, strangely enough, *The Blob* in 1958. In addition to the flip-side of this disc, "Do You Dig Me Mister Pygmy?", the Zanies' incredibly prolific output in this genre numbers in excess of 20 songs, such as "Russian Roulette", "Frankenstein's Laboratory", "Mad Scientist", and "Will the Real Dr. Frankenstein Please Stand Up."

My personal favorite in the "horror-rock-obscura" sweepstakes is "The Spider and the Fly," a forgotten 45 by Bobby Christian with the Allen Sisters (Mercury W-2101.) A beat generation shock-rocker obviously inspired by the Vincent Price film classics, this psychedelic gem weaves an eerie tale against a backdrop of cacophonous drums and echoey sound effects. A slow, sinster male voice recites repeatedly in a dull monotone: "Spiders. . . Creepy, crawly

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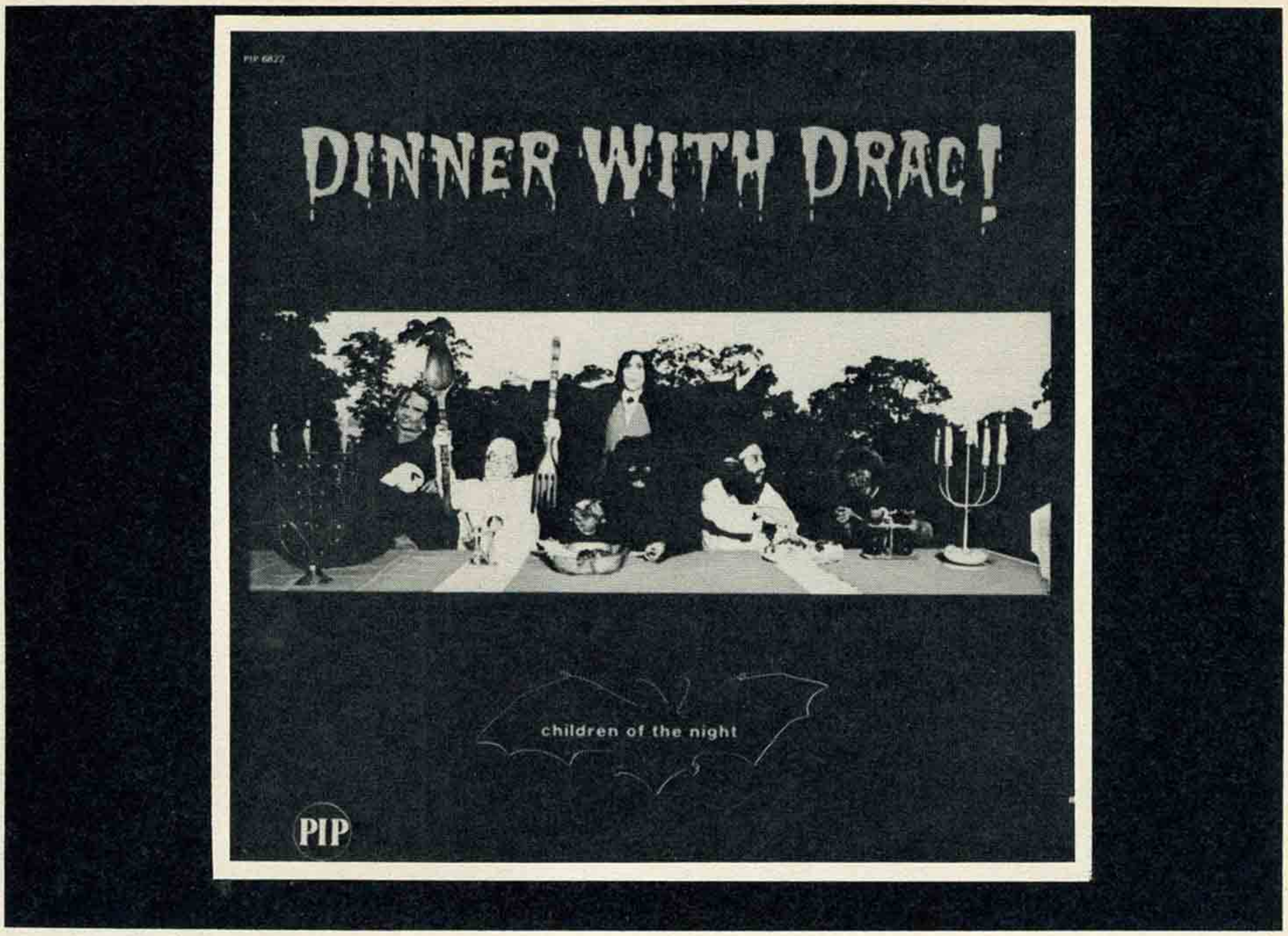

spiders . . . in the web . . . The fly . . . is in-the web . . ." while a speeded-up fly voice screams: "Help me, help me. . . ." This tour-de-force is finally interrupted by an alarm clock and a woman's voice: "Darling, are you having a nightmare? Your arm, your arm is hurting me. . . (gasp) What happened to your head!" She begins to scream horrendously "Help me! Help me!" and is joined in unison by the agonized fly-voice mimmicking her words. Both victims then fade harmoniously to an uncertain fate.

The air of respectability which had for so long eluded the field of horror rock was finally achieved by the one and only John Zacherle with his daring decision to make the transition from the TV screen to the recording studio. Zach's first full-fledged album, *Spook Along With Zacherley* (Elektra later reissued as *Zacherle's Monster Gallery* on Crestview 7803 with Jack Davis artwork) featured typically absurb liner notes detailing Zach's upbringing in Transylvania. The 10 tracks featured were even touted as "Transylvanian folk tunes," and included: "Coolest Little Monster," "Ghoul View," "Transylvania P.T.A." "Frank & Drac Are Back," "Spider Man Lullabye," "Ring-a-Ding Orangoutang" and perhaps the first shock-politico manifesto "Zacherley For President."

For some strange reason, Zach's richest and rockiest material was reserved for 45 releases. His hottest, best-remembered and most commercially successful single was, of course, "Dinner With Drac" (Parts I & II).

First verse: A dinner was served for three,
At Dracula's house by the sea,
The hors d'oeuvres were fine,
But I choked on the wine,
When I learned that the main course was me.

Last verse: For dessert there was batwing confetti,
And the veins of a mummy named Betty,
I first frowned upon it, but with Ketchup on it,
It tasted very much like spaghetti!

To be noted, Parts I & II vary only slightly in the changing of a handful of words. The original "Dinner with Drac" made it as high as number six on the national singles chart, and made it possible for Zach to move his TV horror show from Philadelphia to New York.

In the dawning days of the actual punk rock era, at least two diverse sets of artists felt compelled to record long overdue "cover" versions of Zach's first hit. Children of the Night used "Dinner With Drac" as the title cut for their 1976 album. Within the same year, Lee Kristofferson (?) released his own "Dinner With Drac" as a single in a picture-sleeve satirizing Streisand/Kristofferson's "A Star is Born." The motivation behind both enterprises escapes me.

Zacherle's "Dummy Doll" is lesser known but stands on its own as a mini-masterpiece.

Gonna build a dummy doll,
Put together with some glue,
Get more lovin' from the doll,
Than I ever got from you.
Dummy dummy dummy doll,
Gonna build a dummy doll,
Rags and bones and human hair,
Sticks from tables, arms from chairs,
Put in two potato eyes,
They won't look at other guys,
Make it look a lot like you,
But at least I'll know she's true!

Another certificable rocker from Zach with pronouced "pre-punk" sympathies is "I Was Teenage Caveman:"

I was walking from my cave with a club in my hand,
When I spotted a young girl sitting on the sand,
I slapped her real hard, and gave her a kiss,
She said (sexy girl's voice) 'There's something 'bout your fist that I can't resist!'
I was a teenage caveman . . .

The great Zacherle set the proper high standards for horror rock in the late 50's and early 60's, and was destined to re-emerge from wherever he came from later on when monsters became the rage of the pop charts.

NEST ISSUE: BOBBY PICKETT'S SENSATIONAL "MONSTER MASH" AND THE CONTINUING MARCH OF SHOCKABILLY!

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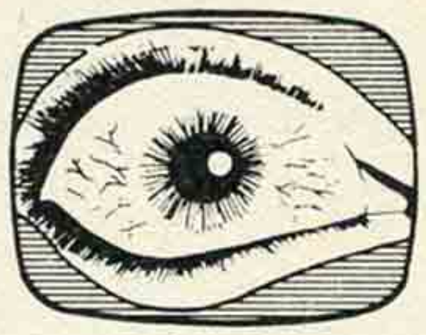


Except where otherwise indicated, all video cassettes are available by mail order from MARSHALL DISCOUNT VIDEO SERVICE, Trenton, MI.

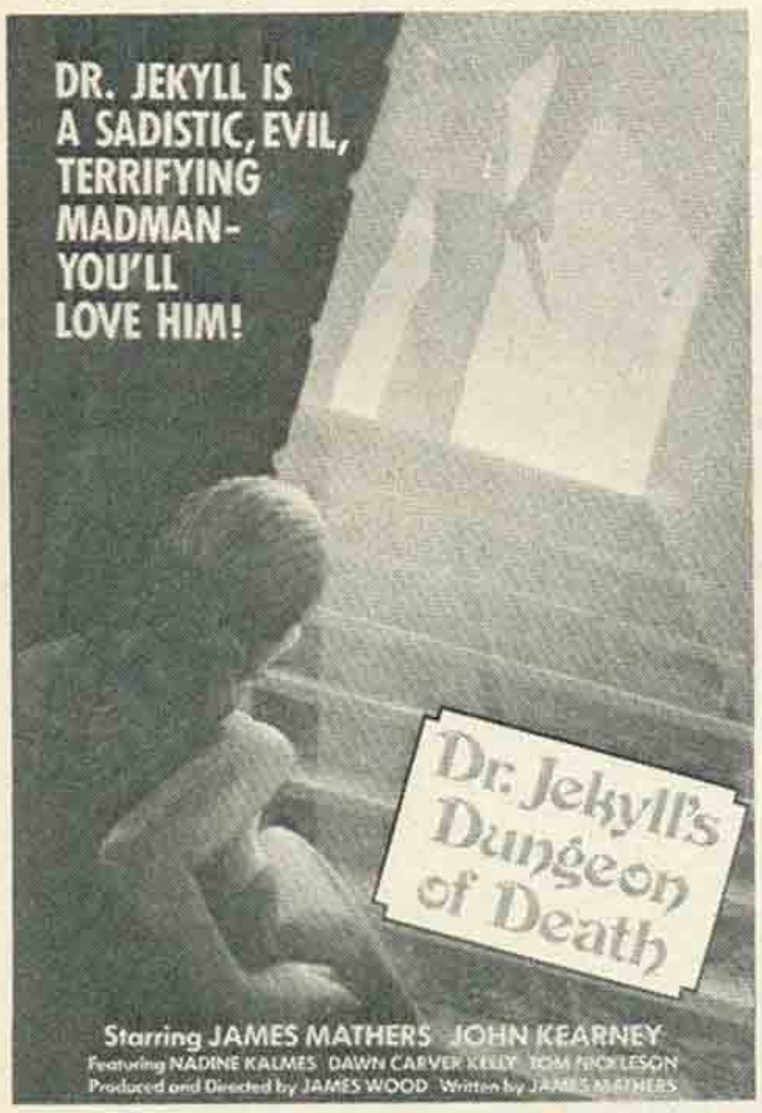
HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (MAGNETIC VIDEO): Fans of both Hammer movies and Sherlock Holmes' most horrific adventure will like this 1959 adaptation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel. When Charles Baskerville dies of fright one night on the ominous moor, the legend of the hound of hell rears its fanged head, and it is Sherlock Holmes' job to protect the life of Henry Baskerville, the last in the line of the haunted clan. *Hound of the Baskervilles* displays all of the virtues of Hammer's early productions: intelligent scripting, terrific sets, dramatic color camerawork, Terence Fisher's tight direction, and Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Cushing plays Sherlock Holmes with a pleasing combination of arrogance and nobility; in a unique instance of casting against type, Lee plays the innocent leading-man role of Henry Baskerville and shows that his acting range includes non-villainous parts as well. The course of Holmes' deduction is well played and a fitting sense of doom runs through the story—and, as editor-at-large David Sherman remarked when he snuck into my video vault during the showing of this movie, it's intersting to see Chris Lee kiss a girl without biting her.

THE BODY SNATCHER (NOSTALGIA MERCHANT): This 1945 adaptation of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson is one of the best horror films produced by Val Lewton, which is the same thing as saying this is one of the best horror films ever produced. Those qualities that distinguished Lewton's other pictures are all apparent here in *The Body Snatcher*; in short, they can all be boiled down into one major characteristic, namely that Lewton understood that a first-rate horror picture required the same ingredients that went into the making of any other good movie. Those ingredients found in *The Body Snatcher* have become quite a rarity in recent horror movies—such things as a strong story, fast pacing, a dramatic atmosphere, a well developed point of view, and interesting characters. The two principal characters in *The Body Snatcher* are Dr. MacFarland, a 19th century physician involved in teaching and research, and the reptilian John Gray (Boris Karloff), the cabman who moonlights as a grave robber to supply specimens for MacFarland's school. Cabman Gray is a compelling personification of evil that provides Karloff with one of his best roles. As Gray exerts his insidious will over Dr. MacFarland, the movie becomes a tragic morality tale in addition to an eerie story of realistic horror.

I EAT YOUR SKIN (FORCE VIDEO): Jerry Gross made motion picture history of sorts in 1971 when he packaged a double-feature of *I Drink Your Blood* and *I Eat Your Skin*. I have it on good authority that *I Drink Your Blood* is a highly reputable proto-gore movie; *I Eat Your Skin*, on the other hand, is a feeble voodoo picture that Force Video is promoting as a "One-Dimensional, Black and White, Hopeless Motion Picture!" For once, a product lives up to all of its company's claims. Del Tenney (the director of *Horror of Party Beach*) made this movie in 1964 under the title of *Voodoo Blood Bath* and the film proved to have that certain something that keeps movies on a shelf for seven years before someone decides he can get away with releasing it. Cannibalism buffs will find nothing to satisfy them in *I Eat Your Skin*, but horrible acting fans will be on the edge of their seats. Terrible makeup fans will also delight in the experiments of the strange doctor of Voodoo Island who injects his subjects with an exotic serum that increases the oatmeal level on people's faces; in the final scene, the doctor concedes that perhaps this is not the cure for cancer. Certainly atrocious on every count, but not as laughably inane as *Horror of Party Beach*, Tenney's masterwork.

DR. JEKYLL'S DUNGEON OF DEATH (WIZARD VIDEO): Some title, huh? That's what Everitt and Martin said when they handed me this tape. Well, believe it or not, *Dr. Jekyll's*

Dungeon of Death is really not all that good. In fact, it's hard to watch—or better put, it's hard to see. Most of the movie is so dark (after all, lights cost money, you know) that in an early scene a character feels compelled to remark, "Dr. Jekyll, why is it so dark in here?" To which there is no immediate answer. It takes Jekyll around 45 minutes of screen time to think of a comeback, at which time he says that his eyes are too sensitive to absorb bright light, a literary allusion I suppose to "Fall of the House of Usher" which is better than nothing at all, the sum total of what happens in the rest of the picture. The Jekyll mentioned in the title is the grandson of the famous doctor created by Robert Louis Stevenson who is carrying on the family tradition by conducting experiments in San Francisco on how to unleash man's irrational, bestial instincts. His scheme is to unchain the repressed violent impulses of convicted rapists and murderers whose instincts have been repressed ever since they were arrested. The immediate effect that Jekyll's serum has on his guinea pigs is to turn them into skilled kung fu fighters; the ensuing martial-arts battles manage to eat up about half of the movie's total screen time. It's hard to tell whether the producers of *Dr. Jekyll's Dungeon of Death* had access to some kung fu footage and decided to weave a horror movie around it, or whether someone actually thought kung fu fights are scary. You be the judge—if you dare!


DR. JEKYLL IS A SADISTIC, EVIL, TERRIFYING MADMAN- YOU'LL LOVE HIM!
Dr. Jekyll's Dungeon of Death
Starring JAMES MATHERS JOHN KEARNEY
Featuring NADINE KALMES DAWN CARVER KELLY TOM NICKLESON
Produced and Directed by JAMES WOOD Written by JAMES MATHERS

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE (NOSTALGIA MERCHENT): This Val Lewton classic is one of the great supernatural mood pieces of the horror genre. Francis Dee plays a private nurse who takes a job on a Caribbean island to attend to the wife of a suger-cane tycoon (Tom Conway). Conway's wife has recently suffered a severe illness and her mind does not seem to have recovered from the experience. The medical explanation is that the extreme high fever damaged her nervous system and rendered her incapable of any noticeable thought or emotion. Some of the natives on the island believe that the power of voodoo has turned her into one of the "mindless"—a zombie. In typical Lewton fashion, the movie keeps you guessing whether Conway's wife is the victim of a physical-psychological phenomenon or of unearthly supernatural devices. Similarly, the motivations and intents of the characters take some time to unravel and become clear. *I Walked With a Zombie* is engrossing throughout and contains many great subdued, eerie highlights. And it's nice to see a movie every now and then that's not immediately transparent right from the start. Having a cassette of this picture is especially worthwhile because the film deserves more than one viewing.

BRIDE OF THE MONSTER (ADMIT ONE): Having reviewed *Plan 9 From Outer Space* in issue #21, it is only right that I include Edward D. Wood's other horror epic as well. *Bride of the Monster* will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the lasting test-cases for the auteur theory. Based on a story about a mad scientist by Wood and our own Alex Gordon, *Bride of the Monster* could very easily have been turned into a routine monster picture if left in other hands, but under the unmistakable guidance of Edward D. Wood, it becomes a . . . a . . . well, it becomes a Wood movie—what else?

As usual, Wood has his obligatory difficulties with time and place. Bela Lugosi plays Dr. Varonov, a crazed doctor with a mission: to transform human subjects into an army of supermen through the administration of atomic radiation. He operates in a painted backdrop of a building known as the Willows House (although one character insists on calling it the Willis House), and puts in most of his hours in an atomic lab that for some reason includes a kitchen sink and stove. He also keeps a pet giant octopus on hand which apparently serves two purposes: 1) to give Lugosi a foil for his bizarre mugging that is only tangentially related to the plot, and 2) to provide exercise for ill-fated members of the cast who must wrap the tentacles about themselves in order to convey the general impression of something bad happening to them. The actress who plays the title role of the Bride of the Monster is Loretta King who is captured by Lugosi's hulking henchman Lobo (Tor Johnson) for the doctor's mysterious purposes. It is not particularly clear what monster King is to be the bride of, since the only thing resembling a monster in the story is the octopus, and even Wood couldn't have been that kinky. Nonetheless, she is led to the laboratory table in a wedding dress and is tied down for proper treatment. Lugosi then graciously explains that King is to become not the Bride of the Monster, but the Bride of the Atom (for this she needs a bridal gown?). This may sound confusing, but an atomic explosion at the end of the picture sorts things out to Wood's satisfaction, in an ending, I might add, that is perhaps Woodsie's finest wrap-up ever. All in all, though not as profound an experience as *Plan 9, Bride of the Monster* is still good for plenty of laughs. Available directly from Admit One Video Presentations (see Monster Invasions).

TWO THOUSAND MANIACS (FORCE VIDEO): Here's a movie that's got everything going for it. Connie Mason, *Playboy*'s favorite playmate, fresh from her triumph in *Blood Feast*, teamed once again with *Blood Feast*'s romantic male lead James Wood! Production executive *extraordinaire* David Friedman! And, yes, "Mr. Entertainment" himself, Herschell Gordon Lewis!

HGL's legions of fans need to know nothing more; those of you who are yet unacquainted with the Lewis *oeuvre* (French for "egg") should be informed that this is the finest bluegrass musical/gore movie ever filmed. It opens to the rising strains of "The South's Gonna Rise Again," a Lewis composition performed by the Pleasant Valley Boys, as the camera follows the progress of a pair of hayseed Georgia boys setting up a false detour to lead unwary Northern tourists (including Mason and Wood) into a trap. This sequence, an obvious swipe/filmic reference to countless Road Runner cartoons, sets the tone for much of what is to follow; you almost expect the mayor of the vengeful town of Pleasant Valley to exclaim "What a maroon" after convincing a young man to participate in a barrel race—using a barrel lined with nails as his vehicle.

The plot concerns a group of long-dead Southerners who, after 100 years, have returned to wreak vengeance on the Yankees. The particular Yankees they've chosen are convinced that they are participating in an innocent centennial of some sort (only much later does Wood realize that 1965 minus 100 results in the date of Sherman's march through Georgia). But the theme itself (always more significant than Lewis' plots) concerns the brooding regional resentment that sometimes lurks beneath the veneer of the widely-vaunted "Southern Hospitality."

Those who measure film quality with the total amount of gore to be seen will be a trifle disappointed with *Two Thousand Maniacs*, it must be reported. Other than the demise of a promiscuous whining blonde (not Connie; Shelby Livingston), most of the gore is shown in a few very quick cuts, usually depicting the aftermath rather than the crucial moment itself. Most of Lewis' other films *are* far more visceral—but then, they don't have any bluegrass.

The Doctor is authorized to say whatever he wants. His opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine, its staff, or its publishers.

John Caglione

A Visit with the Dick Smith Protégé who Masterminded the Amazing Makeup Effects of Amityville II.

By David Everitt

Amityville II: The Possession opened this past fall to something less than an enthusiastic critical response, but even horror fans who were disappointed with the picture raved about one aspect of this sequel: the spectacular special makeup involved in the portrayal of Jack Magner's demonic possession. The young man in charge of these horrific effects was John Caglione, the latest talented Dick Smith protégé to make a name for himself in the fantasy field.

In his house on Long Island, Caglione takes some time to come up from his basement-workshop to speak to FANGORIA. Down below, as we talk, Caglione's associates, Kevin Haney (see FANGORIA #18) and Barbara Kelly, continue to prepare a mold for the production of *Amityville III in 3D*. Caglione isn't at liberty to talk about this current project but he speaks in detail about other topics of interest to Fango readers, such as his early experiments in makeup that led to his first steps toward a professional career.

Caglione at work on an *Amityville II* sculpture.

When growing up in the upstate New York town of Troy, Caglione was first exposed to the marvels of makeup through such classic monster movies as *Frankenstein* and *The Wolf Man*, and through the pictures featured from these films in the pages of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*. But while others may have been content to just look at these monstrous creations, Caglione's interest was never passive. His pursuits as an amateur makeup artist took several forms. He says, "I had been doing monster

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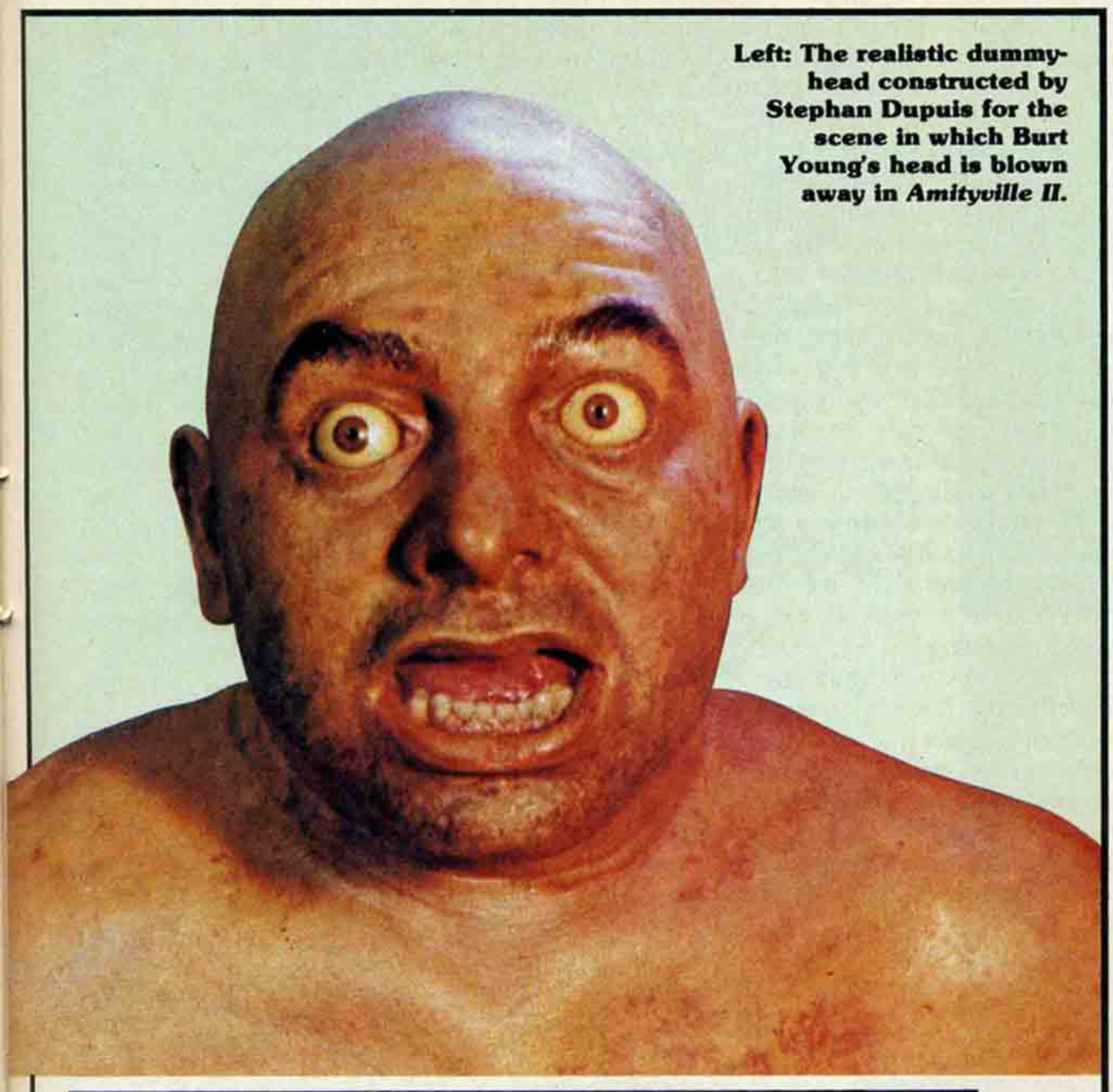
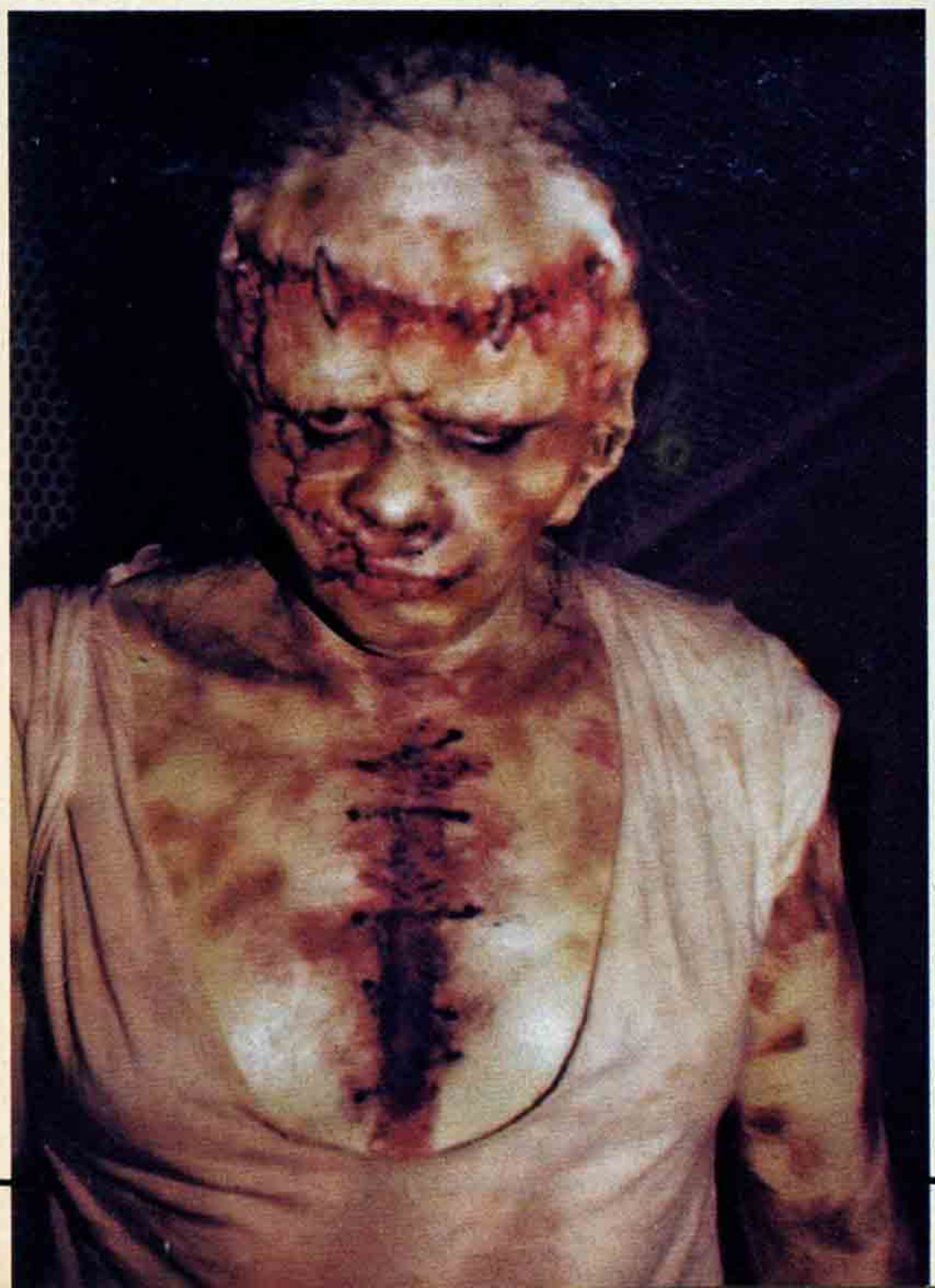
John Caglione's sensational makeup effects make it possible for the demon to burst out of the face of the possessed boy in *Amityville II: The Possession*.



Left: The realistic dummy-head constructed by Stephan Dupuis for the scene in which Burt Young's head is blown away in *Amityville II*.



Left: Caglione's impressive Frankenstein-monster makeup for the short-lived Broadway production of Mary Shelley's novel. The actor is Keith Jochim.

makeups on myself and on my buddies in my neighborhood ever since I was about eight years old. I used to put on plays in my basement. We pretty much ad-libbed them—"Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man", "The Wolf Man Meets Frankenstein", that sort of thing. We charged about a nickel admission during summer vacation; you'd come into the basement and get to see this disgustingly awful play. But it was great because I got to do all these makeups. We'd do all sorts of things. One time we'd say, 'Okay, we're going to have the castle collapsing.' But we never knew about how bricks could hurt; we used to rig bricks on the pipes in my basement with wood and dust and just drop them on ourselves and really get into the roles we were playing. That's where it all started for me. Ever since then makeup was always around me. When we played army, whenever I got shot, I had a blood pack and it would explode and I would fall down on the grass. In school, when I was in the sixth grade, we would have to do a project—one girl would do her project on science, one boy would do his on ecology, and I'd do mine on first-aid. I would do it with my little skinny friend Alan. We always used to protect him; he used to get himself into fights and we'd get him out of it. For the project I would make cuts and bruises on him, really vicious-looking, like he'd been mauled by a bear; I had his rib cage sticking out, the whole thing. Then I'd put a band-aid on—that was the first-aid."

Caglione started to learn the fine points about makeup at the age of 15 when he met the makeup master Dick Smith. However, he didn't wait till this time to start learning makeup fundamentals on his own (probably one of the reasons why he eventually got to meet Smith). Like so many other fledgling makeup men, he got ahold of Richard Corson's book *Stage Makeup*. From this book he picked up some basic information about nose putty and mortician's wax, and subsequently got his hands on these items to start discovering how to use them for himself. He gathered up bits of information where he could before he finally got around to making contact with his makeup hero.

Dick Smith had been an idol to Caglione since he first came across pictures in *Famous Monsters* of the makeup artist's creations for the *Way Out* television series. He followed Smith's career through *Little Big Man* and *Godfather*, but, as he puts it, "*The Exorcist* is the movie that really put a dent in my thinking as far as makeup is concerned and what I was going to do about it. That was a turning point."

Rather than pester FANGORIA editors (of which there were none at the time), Caglione used his own initiative in reaching Dick Smith. "After *The Exorcist* had just come out," he says, "I picked up a Rona Barrett magazine and inside it said if you want to write to the Linda Blair fan club you could

write to Warner Brothers studio in Hollywood, and they included the post office box. I figured Dick lived in California and maybe somehow, some way, my letter would get through to him. On the envelope I put Dick Smith/Makeup Artist/The Exorcist [laughs] the whole business. Some nice person at Warner Brothers forwarded the letter to Dick's house in upstate New York and two weeks later I got a handwritten letter from Dick Smith. I was floating for about a week."

A correspondence began between the young fan and Dick Smith, and through this exchange Caglione's development as an aspiring makeup artist shifted into high gear. According to Caglione it was Smith "who said to me this is where you go for this and this is how you make a slush makeup mold and this is how I did this on *The Godfather*. . .That's when all the information started pouring in.

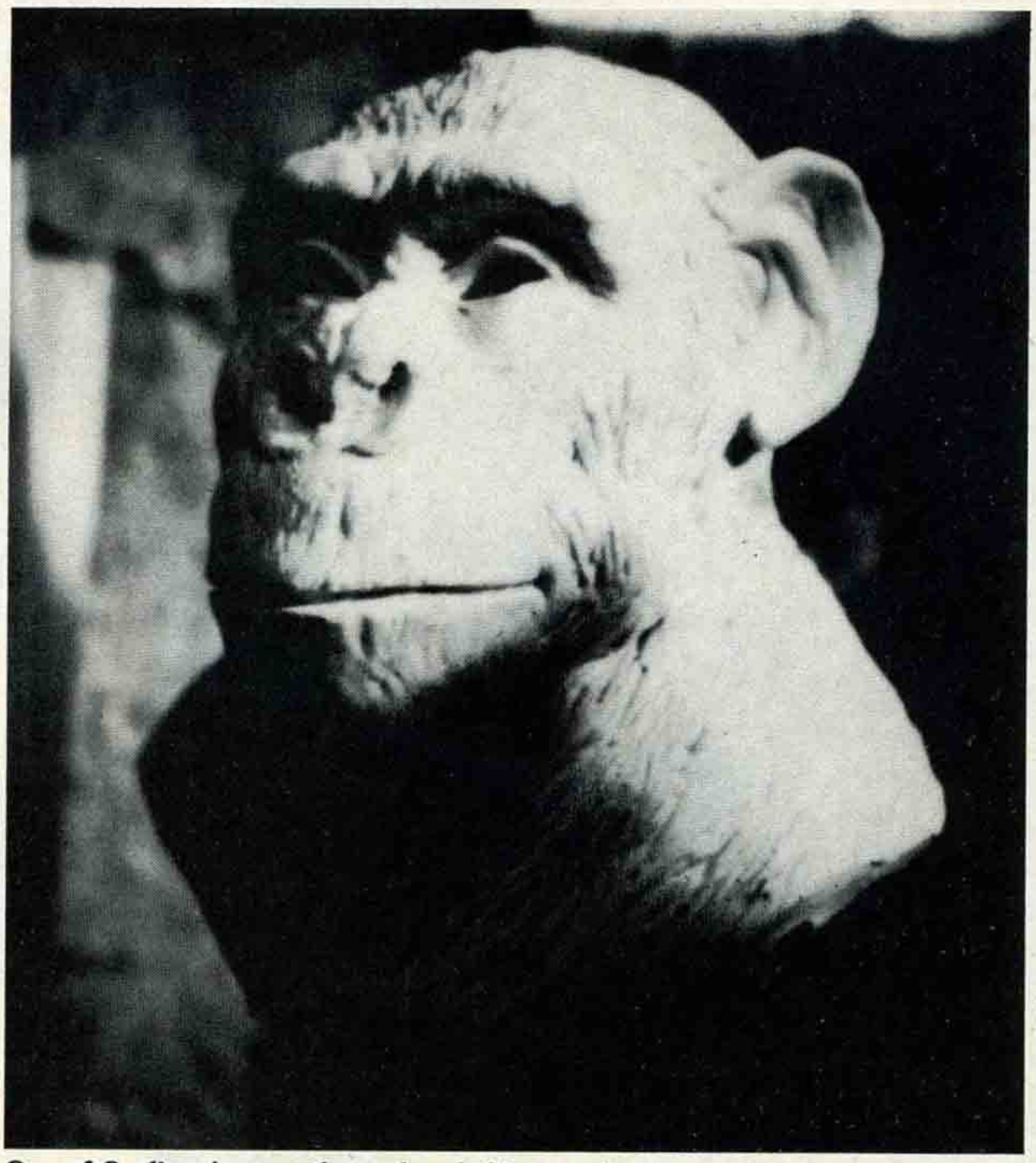
"I think Dick was beginning to work on *Godfather Part II* when we really started corresponding, and it was amazing to me that he could find the time to share so many thoughts and ideas, to go beyond just technical things. In his letters and tapes he would talk about situations and problems that might arise in makeup and in being a professional makeup artist."

Smith was able to give the young artist an important professional boost by recommending him for a position on the NBC makeup staff in New York. Caglione's TV work included soap operas and *Saturday Night Live*; the latter, since it was a live program, provided him with especially valuable experience in improvising quality makeups quickly and efficiently with no chance for a second take. Caglione got the opportunity to learn more from Smith first-hand when he assisted the master makeup artist with his immense work-load on *Altered States*.

The first horror movie projects that Caglione worked on were *Basket Case, Scanners* and *Friday the 13th Part II*. The first film on which he had major responsibilities was the prehistoric epic *Quest for Fire*, a film that required an enormous amount of special makeup. "We had millions of things to do on that job," Caglione recalls. "It was a mass production of multiple appliance makeups and foam latex pull-over masks. For *Quest for Fire*, everyday we were in the lab from eight in the morning until about 10 at night. That was a grueling job, but when I see the movie, it was worth it."

Amityville II marked Caglione's first supervisory makeup effects task in a horror picture, a job that called for a great amount of horrifying special makeups to be executed in the span of seven weeks. Most of these effects concerned the gradual demonic possession of the boy of the family occupying the in-

Three of Caglione's prehistoric makeups for the enormous project of *Quest for Fire*.



One of Caglione's expertly rendered chimp sculptures.

Caglione's horrific work in *Amityville II*. Top Right: An advanced stage of Jack Magner's possession. Left: The hideous demon finally revealed. Bottom Right: Caglione mugs along with his head-and-shoulders demon puppet.

famous Amityville house. This entailed showing actor John Magner's torso cave in and then rendering five progressively ghastly stages of the boy's descent into demonic captivity that climaxes with the gruesome unveiling of the demon itself lurking beneath the boy's skin.

For the torso-collapsing sequence, Caglione had planned to rig an entire foam-rubber dummy torso, but due to a lack of time he instead suggested the phenomena with appliances. "I sculpted a torso over the actor's chest," explains Caglione, "but I built out his rib-cage area to give it the illusion of being sunken in. Then we rigged the actor's own stomach underneath the bed so we could pull him almost through the bed; the rib cage would stick out and with the help of special lighting we got the job done. The cinematographer, Franco DiGiacomo, did a beautiful job lighting those sequences."

Among those technicians assisting Caglione on this picture was makeup artist Stéphan Dupuis, another veteran of the *Quest for Fire* production. Dupuis was in charge of the air bladders that played such an important part in the boy's transformation and was also responsible for putting the finishing touches on what Caglione considers to be a remarkable dummy head of actor Burt Young, used in the scene in which Young's face is blown off.

The showpiece for Caglione and his crew was, of course, Jack Magner's graphic possession. Caglione explains the makeup-effects process involved in these sequences: "I sculpted an appliance makeup for each of the five stages of the possession. They were all overlapping appliances, no masks. And then, in addition to that, we had to have interval pieces; we would have part of the appliance piece on and then a bladder would move that part of his face to continue the process to the next stage, and then there would be another interval sequence to move things on to the next stage, until we reached the point where the face begins to crack. Then the demon was supposed to rip off the face and the demon was finally revealed.

"For this final transformation, we had bladders underneath the last stage of possession appliances; we had scleral contact lenses and dentures to fit this makeup. His whole head began to bulge and we had the bladders push open the foam-latex skin, so you saw his face cracking open on camera. Then there would be a cutaway for a reaction and then we'd cut back to the kid. I sculpted a cracked face, a whole wraparound mask, and we had bladders underneath each section of the mask. There was this little panel off-camera with syringes, and we would pump number one and the top of the head would lift up. We would pump number two and the side of the face would open wide like a door, and this juice would flow out. The same thing would happen to his arms and chest as they cracked open.

"On the third head, since we were running out of time, we took the cracked mask from the previous shot and made another cracked mask. We kind of pinned it and glued it over the demon head and then I made foam-latex arms to fit Stéphan Dupuis. For the shot, Stéphan and I were on the floor—I had my arm inside the demon-head puppet and Stéphan was the demon's arms. He reached up into the shot and ripped off the remaining pieces of flesh and the demon was revealed."

Regardless of whether *Amityville II* was a good movie or not, the picture made enough money to warrant another sequel, and John Caglione is already on hand to supply more sensational effects. This time, though, his burgeoning career will advance another step as his effects will come out at you in 3D. Caglione says he wants to be involved in all areas of makeup, from high fashion to old-age appliances, but hopefully he'll continue to return to haunt us with ghastly makeup visions, either in Amityville or somewhere else beyond the grave.

At Home With
Herschell Gordon Lewis

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN MIAMI GARBAGE DUMP, CIRCA 1982 AUTHOR: RANDY PALMER PRESENT WHEREABOUTS: UNKNOWN

No, this is not a domestic scene in H.G.'s living room. This is the mind-blasting climax to *Wizard of Gore.*

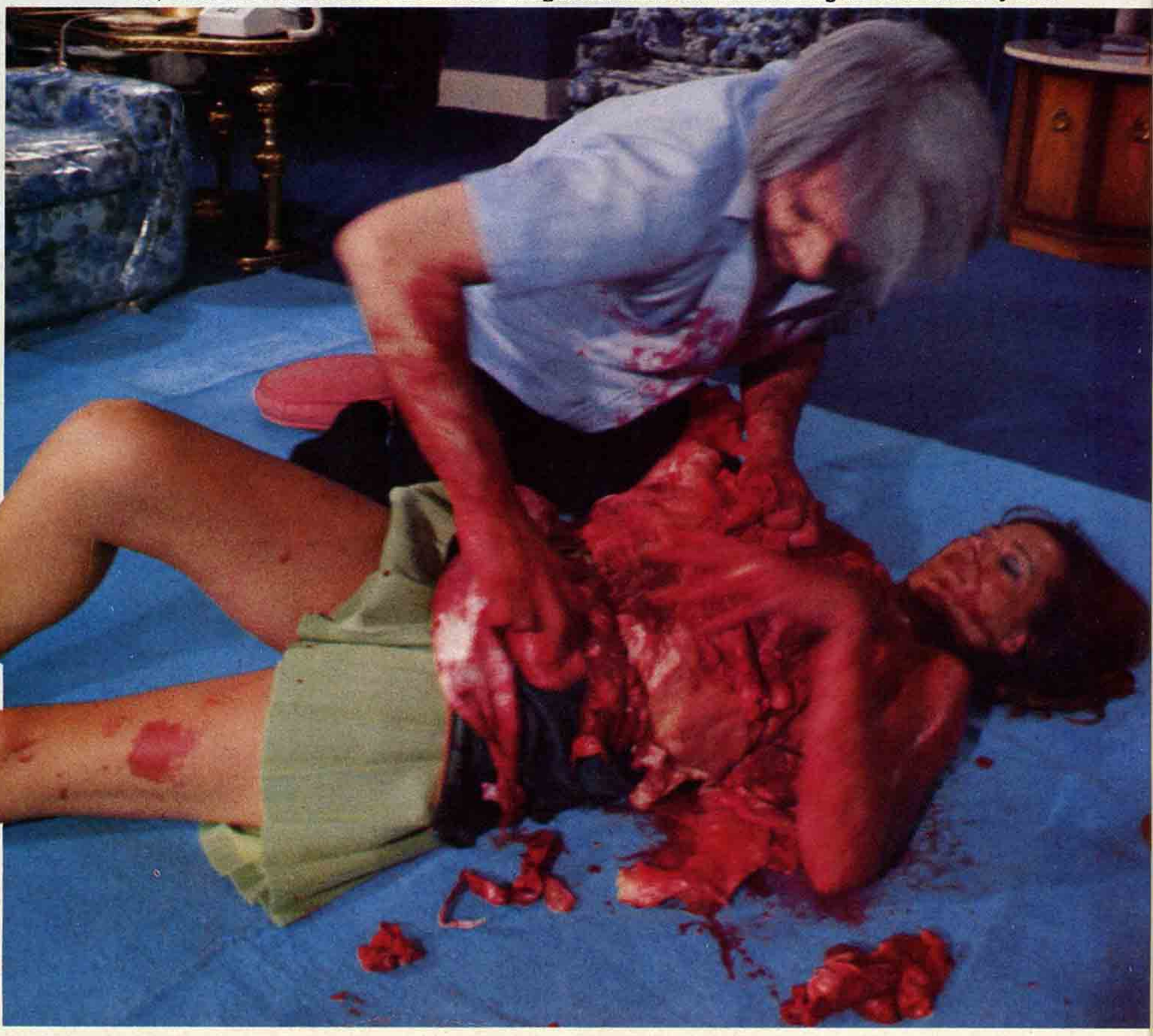


PHOTO: COURTESY OF H.G. LEWIS

PHOTOS OF H.G.: COURTESY OF RANDY PALMER

Lewis and Randy Palmer compare some fine cutlery, the Goremeister's most valued cinematic tools. Randy's the one with the hair.

I really didn't know quite what to expect, which is why I had reservations about making the plane reservations in the first place.

I felt a bit like Dorothy winding her way down the Yellow Brick Road . . . except I wasn't off to see the Wonderful Wizard of Oz. No, it was the Wizard of Gore I was off to see, in his own castle; so in his case I envisioned my own brick road to be a bit slippery, a bit reddish perhaps.

Herschell *Gore*-don Lewis' and my friendship goes back about 10 years; but I must confess, H.G. and I had always talked via the telephone, and our interviews were epistolarian in nature. I'd never met the man in the flesh . . . till now.

So I made sure to buy round-trip tickets. There's no use taking chances! After all, this was the man who once said, "Never let an actor swallow any stage blood, unless it's the last day of filming and you're ready to throw the actor away anyway." (And where *is* Connie Mason today?)

Things got off to a great start on the departure date. The plan landed smoothly (thanks, Eastern) at the Fort Lauderdale airport, but H.G. and I somehow managed to miss each other—probably because an airport official told Herschell, "No, although Mr. Palmer had a reservation, he had no assigned seat on this flight." (What? Gee, thanks, Eastern!) So Herschell went back home.

Meanwhile, wandering aimlessly outside the airport, I decided I should call the Goremeister to find out what had happened. He must have made a U-turn in his garage to get back to the airport as quick as he did to pick me up. After we exchanged pleasantries, H.G. gunned the gas and we were off, he gleefully talking about what a wonderful weekend we were going to have as I lay plastered against the upholstery from the building G-Forces inherent to excessive acceleration. (I've often wondered since then if H.G. was unduly influenced by Roger Corman's *Death Race 2000*.)

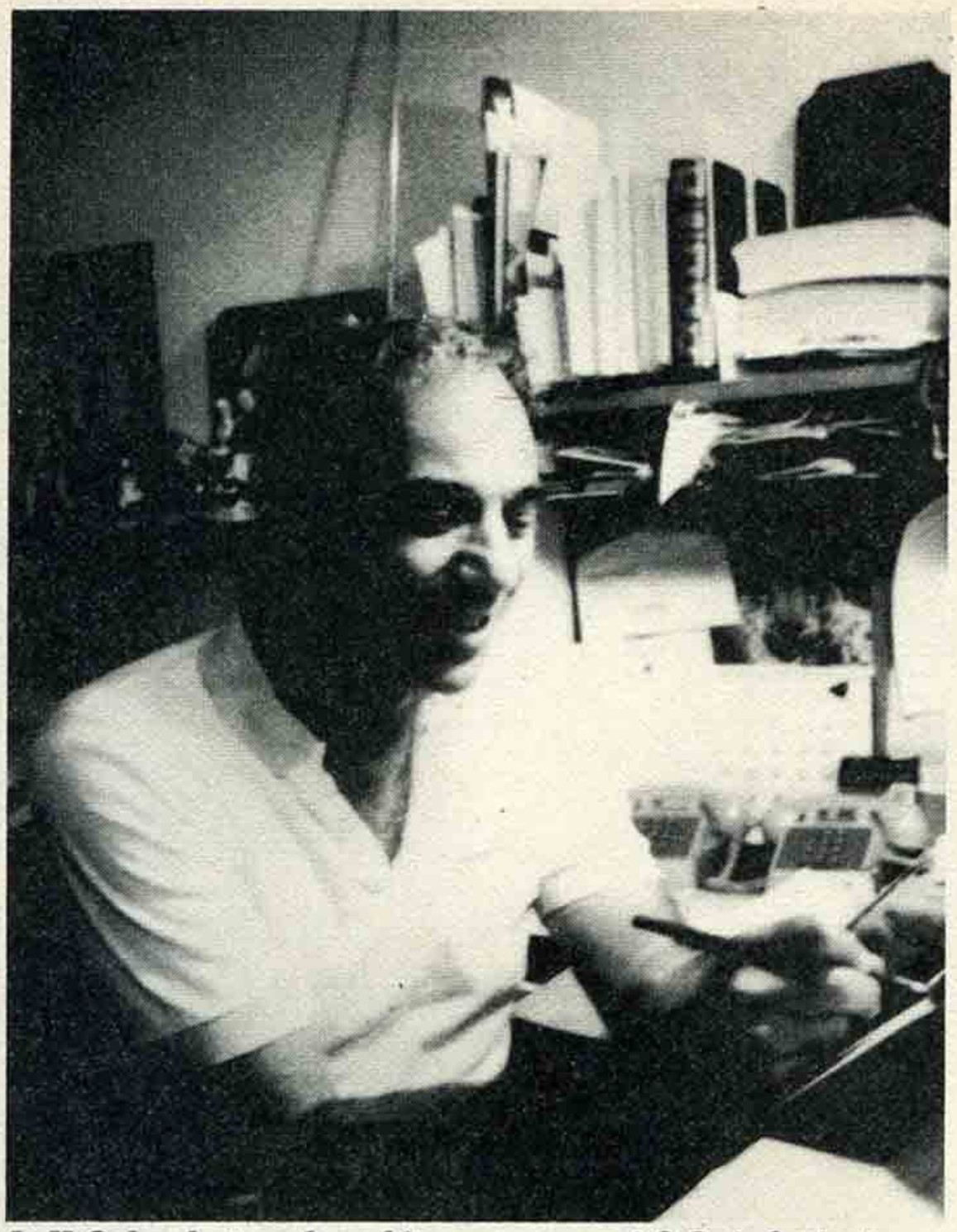
About a mile down the road I suddenly felt a stirring in my stomach and, cheeks starting to bulge ominously, managed to mumble, "Pull over, quick!" Which he did. I flung open the door and proceeded to empty my guts all over the shoulder of the road. I could've claimed it was an after-effect of watching so many Lewis gorror movies, but I'd no idea whether Herschell would've been elated or offended by such an inference. Actually, I was glad he let me back in his car, so I simply mumbled something about the "lousy food served on the flight" and let it go at that. (Sorry, Eastern!)

Despite my dubious debut, Herschell and his lovely wife, Margo, kept me in comfort for a total of 45 hours on a delicious diet of roast beef, potatoes, bacon and eggs . . . anything and everything you'd never expect to find at Fuad Ramses' Exotic Catering Shop.

Of course, that first day I wasn't feeling up to par, so Margo fixed me a specialty: something called "Chicken Soup Surprise." I couldn't finish it; I kept thinking about the poor gal in *The Gore-Gore Girls* whose face is first steamed with an iron and then pushed into a boiling vat of french fries. Of course, the chicken soup could have been just that; and I'd be the last person in the world to want to give H.G. a bad name (if anyone had wanted to do that, certainly it would've been his parents) . . . but I chickened out, claiming stomach-strain.

The following day was better for all. H.G. told me tales of the old days, when it was easy to cram a cow's tongue, cranberries, chunks of meat—with stage blood a la Lewis over all—into one actress' mouth. In later years, of course, that sort of thing became a bit more difficult. People came to know Lewis. They recalled that, during the filming of *Blood Feast*, H.G. remarked about the girl whose brains were to be sliced out on the beach, "This girl doesn't have any brains. We're going to have to fake it."

H.G. was always searching for the ultimate gore effect. "In one picture," he told me, "I wanted a body to blow up. I wanted a stick of dynamite inside somebody. Unfortunately, no one was willing to bite." He also remarked about his unmade gore film, which would go as far beyond the bloody bound-



Is H.G. hard at work on his next gore epic? Or is he just knocking out another adoring letter to Uncle Bob? Only time will tell.

H.G. tries to coax Randy into the Lewis pool of death.

aries of bad taste today as *Blood Feast* did 20 years ago. "One still sometimes lies awake in bed at night, thinking up devilish things to do to people," he said. "Gore effects are not over and done with, by any means."

This he told me over dinner the second day. That evening Margo had prepared roast beef, and H.G., I noticed, was carving the roast with a peculiar gleam in his eyes. The meat was a bit on the rare side for me, but everyone to his own tastes, of course.

"And speaking of taste," H.G. said, "we had problems with the girl who dies by the pool in *A Taste of Blood*. I don't know how many times I told her to fall *into* the water during her death throes, and she just wouldn't do it. She kept on falling down alongside the pool, and we had blood all over everything. I thought it would be nice if we had left the blood in the water. And the girl, for that matter."

Lewis and his crewmates spent nearly four hours cleaning up the bloody mess by scrubbing the cement areas with muriatic acid.

Herschell's own pool is a nice-sized one. He invited me in for a dip.

I declined. Secretly I wondered, "What's in that pool? A baby shark? Piranha? A layer of quicksand on the bottom, left from *Two Thousand Maniacs*?"

"Oh, come on," he insisted.

Finally I confessed I had no bathing trunks.

"No problem" H.G. shot back. "I'll buy you a suit."

And he did.

It was a nice gesture, but I still wouldn't get into the pool. Finally I told him I couldn't swim. That seemed to amuse him somewhat, but when it became obvious that I wasn't going near the water, out he came, sopping wet, but none the worse for wear—which is exactly how I intended to remain.

So on we went to other topics.

What happened when *Blood Feast* was released?

"Well, we didn't know what to expect at first. But after we put it all together, my then-partner, Dave Friedman, and I decided to attend a screening of it at a drive-in in Miami. We were driving down the road, and suddenly came upon this enormous traffic jam. We thought we were going to miss our own picture because of the traffic. We thought there'd been a terrible accident or something. As it turned out, the traffic jam led straight into the drive-in. They were coming in droves to see *Blood Feast*!"

After that came *Two Thousand Maniacs*, which isn't as gory . . .

"But which is a better film, by far. I mean, if you cut out the gore from *Blood Feast*, all you have left is about 60 minutes of bad acting. *Two Thousand Maniacs* is pretty much well-acted all the way through.

"And we could have had more gore, but I decided against it because of an unusual situation."

Which was?

"In the scene where the man is pulled apart by the four horses, there was in the town a multiple-amputee, a man, who volunteered his services. He told us we could use him for close-ups, things like that, you know. I decided against it because I didn't want to exploit the man. It's one thing to make an exploitation picture; it's quite another to exploit a person's handicaps. I thought it was enough to show the arms dragging along through the grass."

But as the years progressed, so did the gore.

"Well, sure. You know, audience sophistication increases in direct ratio to what they have experienced before. It's as if I were to somehow perform a juggling act wherein I place five cocktail glasses atop one another, then balance myself upside-down on top of them, and juggle some balls with my feet. I might get a 'Gosh-Wow' from the audience the first time, but next time they'll say, 'Aww, I've seen this before.' So you have to do more and more.

"In *The Wizard of Gore*, when Montag the Magician drives the spike through the girl's head, he also pulls out one of her eyes. In the next one, *The Gore-Gore Girls*, the maniac pulls out an eye, but this time it's squeezed until it pops and all this black glop gushes out."

Despite excessive gore, H.G., as noted before, claims there are still untold ways of doing away with victims. There is talk of doing *Blood Feast Part II*. In fact, today Herschell wondered if I would like to play a victim. Of course, I said of course, and tomorrow, which is my last day in Florida before H.G. returns me to the airport, we'll be driving down to scout locations. Of course, this will be a "dry-run." No cameras or anything; just me and H.G.

I'll have another report when I return.

Dick Smith

(Continued from Page 16)

staggers back against a pillar and slumps into a squatting position; he then keels over. A close-up was then set up for a dummy head of the lover fixed onto the end of a stick. When the head hits the floor, its highly fragile material breaks up. The most difficult task in this sequence occurs when a male and female mummy collapse in a corner. Once the actors had reached a final, predetermined position, casts were made of the actors and dummy duplicates were made. These statues were rigged so that the man's head (worked by piston) dropped down into his own chest, and both the face and chest then crumbled as the legs fell to pieces.

Smith points out that this work was "enormous because the fragile material we used had to be cast in very special flexible molds. Not only did we use a flexible mold, but we used two flexible layers in order to be able to demold this fragile material without breaking it."

Making this fragile material demanded a great deal of ingenuity. What was needed was a thin surface material that would take to the fine wrinkled detail of the mummy suits, and a spongy substance to fill in the interior of the figures. The surface material was made by melting a very brittle wax and adding micro balloons. Micro balloons, Smith explains, are a substance "that looks like dust but is in fact tiny glass hollow spheres, so that, in a sense, when you mix micro balloons in you are incorporating little air bubbles coated with glass. Because it is made of glass, things don't stick to it terribly well and that helped to make the wax even more fragile. Plus, the wax also had baking soda in it and, as it was melted, vinegar was added; this caused the baking soda to give off gas and it made the wax spongy. Nevertheless when it was brushed into the mold it would get a good impression on the outside while it tended to be very fragile."

The source for the inner filler was ironic in that it was a type of polyurethane foam which was considered a failure by its inventor. "It was supposed to be strong," says Smith, "but something was wrong with it. It suited our purposes though, and we were able to have a number of gallons formulated for our use. When we incorporated micro balloons into it we were able to produce this very spongy, lightweight, crumbling material."

Smith is now engineering some old-age makeups for the film adaptation of the Broadway hit *Amadeus*. In between the rigorous effects of *The Hunger* and this current, relatively lightweight assignment Smith says that the only project he's been working on is "cleaning up the basement." He has been turning down some minor jobs lately because he'd rather keep his spare time than take on something he's not particularly excited by. As the acknowledged makeup master he can afford to pick and choose. Hopefully, he's holding out for the offer that can be parlayed into another FANGORIA cover story.

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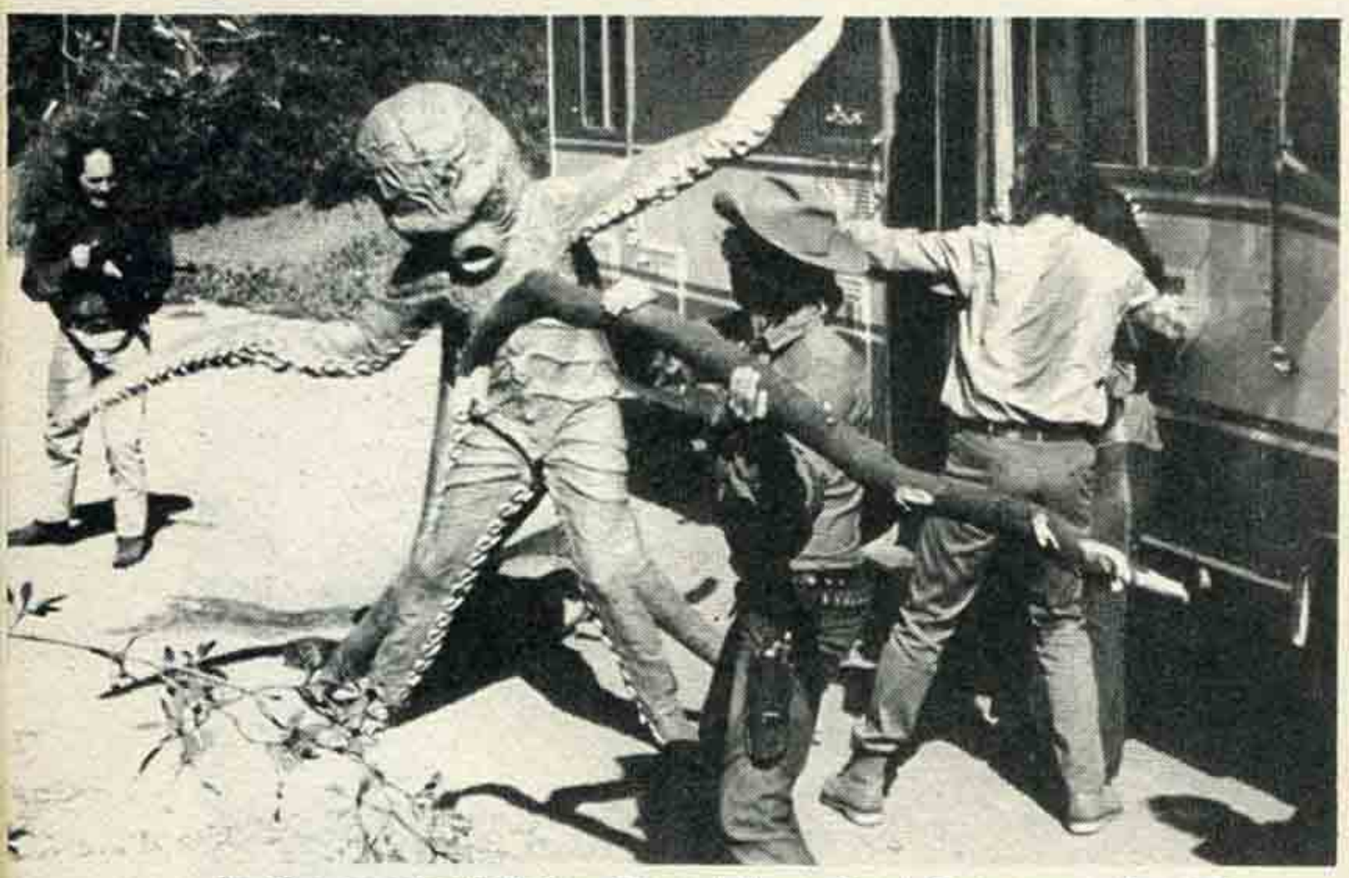
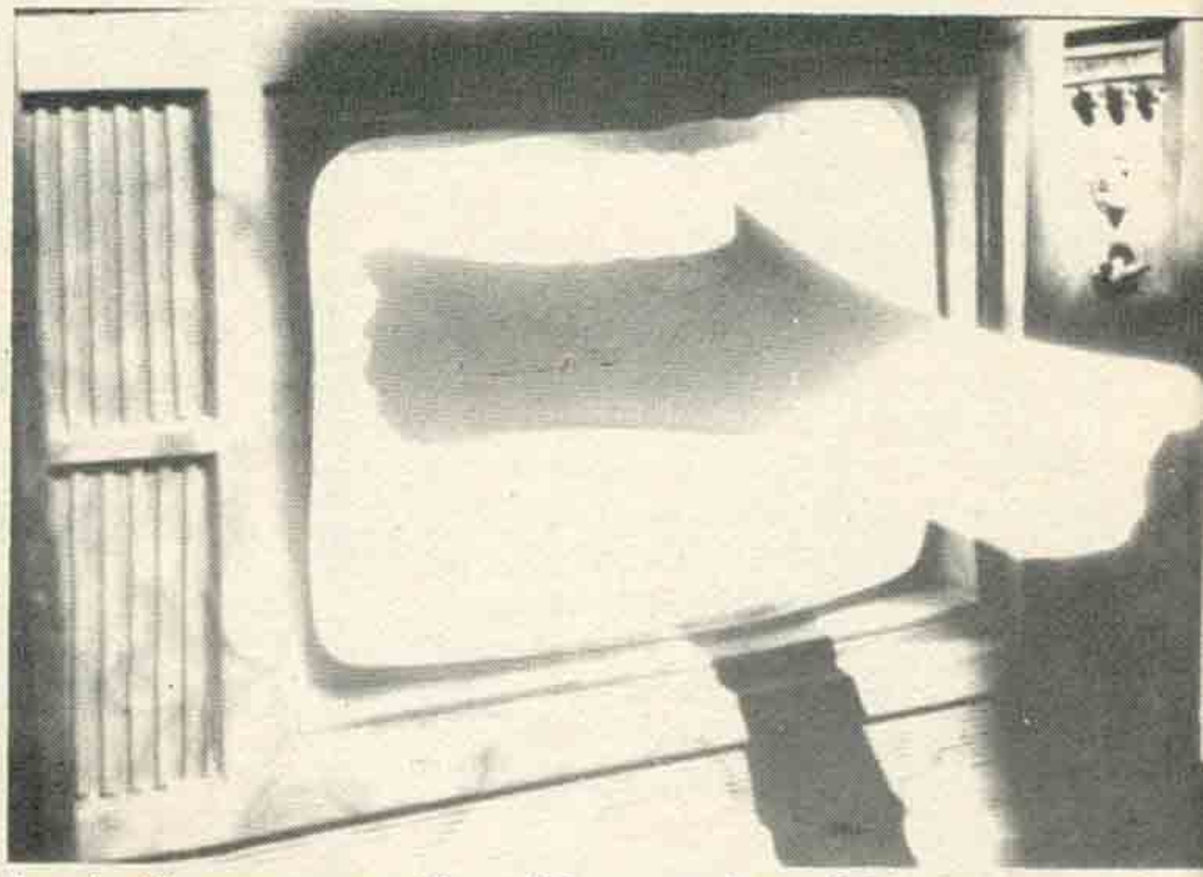
Doug Beswick

From *Gumby* to *Videodrome*

By Bob Martin



In the seminal Baker-Beswick project *Octaman*, the title creature swings into 8-fisted action.



An elastic screen provides a bizarre variety of 3-D TV (no glasses required) in *Videodrome*.

At 35 years of age, Doug Beswick has spent about half of his life as a professional effects technician. He's not quite famous outside of that field, except perhaps to those who have closely followed the career of Rick Baker, who has frequently called on Beswick's expertise. Beswick's specialty may not have the glamor that goes to the designers and the sculptors working in the horror and fantasy fields, but, as a mechanical animator, he is one of the pioneers in one of the fastest-growing areas in the realm of film effects.

Beswick's family relocated from New York to California's San Fernando Valley when he was five years old. Not long after, he first saw *King Kong*, the movie that changed his life. "It came on channel 9 out here, on *The Million Dollar Movie*," Beswick recalls. "They showed it every night for a week and twice on Sunday. They did the same thing with *Mighty Joe Young*. It became like a marathon, to see how many times you could watch it; I must've watched *King Kong* every night. But I really didn't understand what was going on, until I got hold of some *Famous Monsters* magazines, and from there it really caught my interest. I tried to learn as much as I could about it. When I was 12 or 13, I got an 8 millimeter camera from my dad for Christmas, and started experimenting with it.

"It didn't have single-frame capability; it was an inexpensive Kodak movie camera. So I'd press the shutter just as briefly as I could, and did some clay animation that way. It was really crude stuff, I was getting about four-frame exposures, so I decided I had to buy myself a camera. I got my grandmother to co-sign for me, and put a down-payment, and I mowed lawns to make the monthly payments. I got together with a bunch of friends and we made our own version of *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. [Note: Johnny Legend, who later grew up to be a Fango contributor, wrote the screenplay — it was called *Phantom Island*.] We stole everything from the picture — designs, costumes — it was practically a remake. It turned out to be a good way to learn."

At school, Beswick showed particular enthusiasm for his classes in drafting and metal shop, classes that provided some useful basic effects skills, though at the time he planned a career in architecture. "When I graduated," he recalls, "I had signed up for college, but I just had a feeling that this wasn't what I wanted to do. On a fluke, I came across Jim Danforth's name in the phone book; I called and told him about my interest in stop-motion. and asked him where I could learn it. He invited me down to Cascade Pictures, where he was working at the time, showed me the place, and told me about Clokey Productions [home of *Gumby*]. There were no openings at Clokey's at the time, so I worked as a box-boy in a supermarket for about three months — and then they called me up, and I started at Clokey's for about $85 a week.

"We really had to crank 'em out. Art Clokey had made a rule that we shoot things in twos — exposing two frames at a time automatically doubles your output. There were certain scenes we'd still shoot in ones, where the action was just too fast for twos. For instance, when Gumby skates along on one foot, he usually moved one inch per frame, shot one frame at a time, when he was in a hurry. And, of course, the skating move was devised to save time — Gumby did walk from time to time, but it was easier to just slide 'em along."

If the quality of the animation produced at Clokey's was not always the highest, neither were the budgets for their two stop-motion television series, *Gumby* and *Davey and Goliath*. But Clokey's did provide the first professional paychecks for a good number of today's effects artists. Jim Danforth had worked there early in his career, and Peter Kleinow was there when Beswick joined the firm. In Beswick's four years at Clokey's, Dave Allen, Harry Walton, Bill Hedge and a young man named Rick Baker found employment there as well.

There were occasional opportunities to display creativity at Clokey's. "One *Gumby* comes to mind," says Beswick. "Ray Peck, the production manager, came up with the idea to do a show with absolutely no script. Each animator did a sequence, and we had a conference where we determined how each sequence would end, so each sequence would lead into the next. Ruth Clokey was a little bit nervous about our improvising a program, but it turned out to be one of their best shows; it was called 'Of Clay and Critters.'"

After four years, 65 *Gumbys* and 26 *Davey and Goliaths*, Beswick was ready for something else. Together with Rick Baker, Beswick set to work on a self-produced 16mm fantasy film called *Diatryma*. "We'd found that we had a lot in common; we had the same interests, and knew that there were bigger things than making *Gumby* adventures, and we wanted to try 'em, and to get out and do our own films. So *Diatryma* was a step in that direction. I sculpted one of the masks for the picture, which was something I'd never done before, so I was

learning that from Rick, and he was learning stop-motion from me, and moldmaking, which I'd learned at Clokey's."

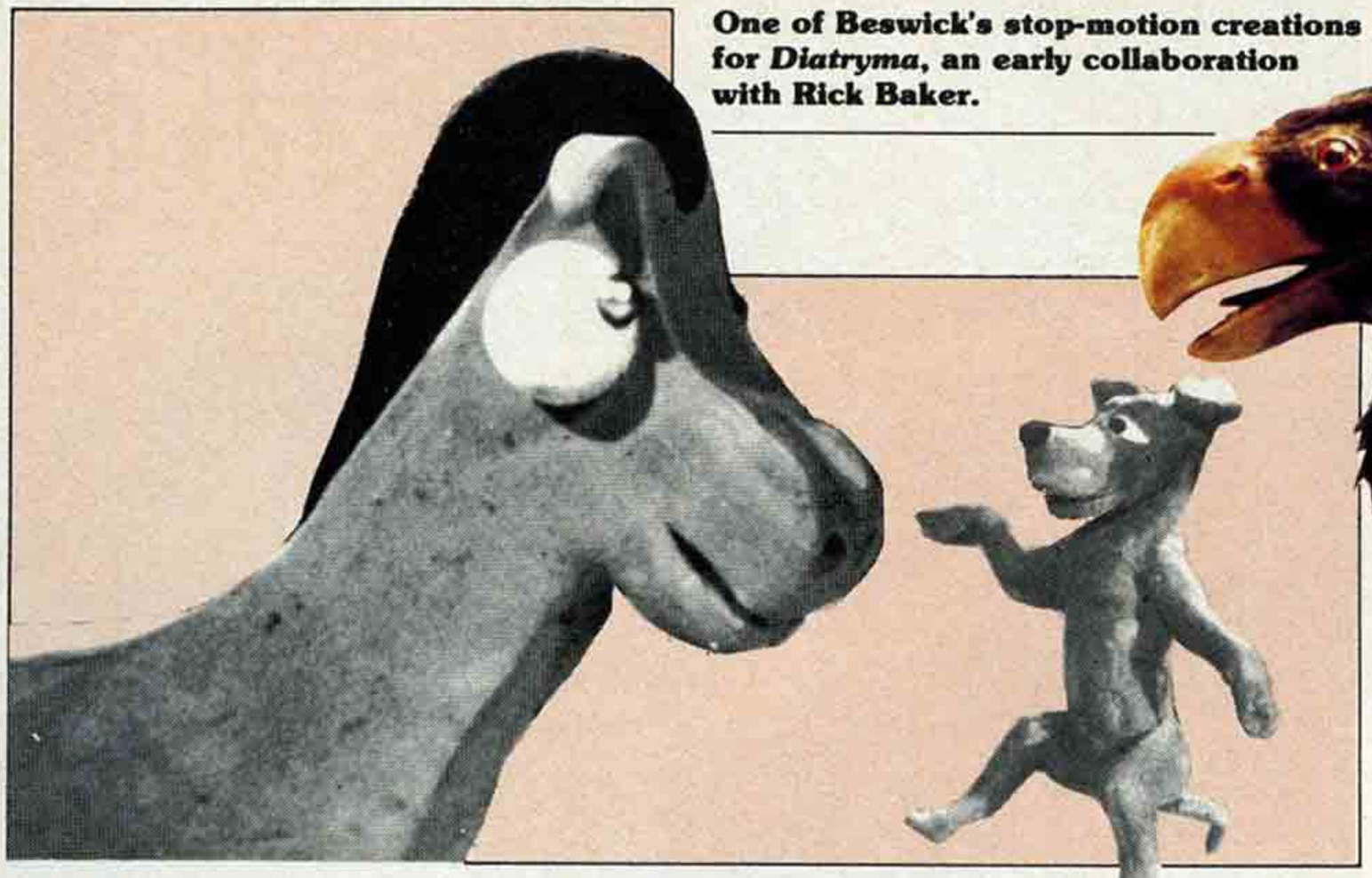
Though live-action filming was completed, no more than a couple of FX scenes from *Diatryma* were ever filmed; work was interrupted when Baker was recommended by Jim Danforth for his first feature film assignment, the seldom-seen *Octaman* (a fleeting glimpse of the eight-armed critter can be seen in Paramount's compilation feature, *It Came From Hollywood*). "Rick hadn't done anything like it before; he didn't want to do it alone, so we worked together on it. Rick handled more of the artistic end; I did more of the engineering, figuring how things were going to work."

It was quite awhile before the two friends would collaborate on another project. Through the 70's, both young men were scrambling for any sort of film work, with a special eye out for the sort of work that would serve to establish their reputations. For *Beware the Blob* (the only feature directed by Larry "J.R." Hagman), Beswick animated the insert sequences depicting the freezing of the gelatinous creature. He assisted Wah Chang of Projects Unlimited on two educational animated films, "Alphabet Rollcall" and "Dinosaurs: The Terrible Lizards." He designed and photographed the effects for *The Cremators*, a low-budget horror film from the folks who brought you *Octaman*, concerning an alien life-form that arrives on Earth via meteor. He built miniature props and sets for various commercials and TV shows, including *The Man From Atlantis*.

In 1975, after a frustrating attempt to launch an insect-horror film from his own script, Beswick decided to quit showbiz. He took a job in a machine shop, enrolled in college, and got married. "I tried to get away, but I found I was bored doing something else," says Beswick, "so I went back."

The job that brought Beswick back into effects was his first major effort in the field of mechanical animation. "I was contacted by a friend named Carl Jablonsky," Beswick recalls. "He'd gotten a job from Mark Wilson Productions, for the Burger King company to build a radio-controlled, talking miniature fire-engine, and it had to be done in two weeks, Neither of us had done anything with radio control. We actually got it finished on time, just a few hours before it was supposed to be delivered. I think the paint was still a little tacky when we closed the case. It was cute —it had a mouth in the front of the radiator that talked, it moved forward and reverse, it had variable speed, the eyes moved and it had a fire hat on its hood which would bounce up and down, all under radio-control." The engine was used by the burger monarchs as a public spokesman for fire safety, in a highly successful tour of the nation's schools, capped by an ap-

Beswick at work on *Planet of the Dinosaurs*. With the strides made in recent years in ILM's "go-motion" techniques, this type of filmmaking may be as extinct as the title creatures.



One of Beswick's stop-motion creations for *Diatryma*, an early collaboration with Rick Baker.

The illustrious co-stars of Gumby and Davey—Pokey and Goliath!

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DOUG BESWICK

It always helps to have friends in show biz—here, young Beswick pals it up with horror great Tor Johnson!

pearance on *Captain Kangaroo*.

Beswick subsequently was teamed once again with Rick Baker, along with Jon Berg, Phil Tippitt and Lane Liska, to work on the cantina-sequence aliens for *Star Wars*. Though the lead aliens in that sequence were creations of Stuart Freeborn, the Baker crew was required to turn out 30 different aliens in just six weeks, as well as supply the mechanics to animate the head of Freeborn's Greedo.

In 1977, Beswick joined Jim Aupperle and Steve Czerkas on the special effects team of *Planet of the Dinosaurs*, one of the very few features of the 70's to make extensive use of stop-motion. "It was really well into production when I came in," says Beswick. "Originally Steve and Kim were to do all the effects, but the post-production load became so heavy that I was contacted. They decided to divide the work into three different categories; Steve Czerkas built the models, Jim Aupperle did the set-ups, and I did the stop-motion; we worked that way about six months.

"The effects of that picture are pretty good all the way around; Jim did a real good job of matching things up. But the story was weak and the direction was weak; there was nothing in the story [concerning astronauts stranded on a prehistoric planet] that you hadn't seen someplace before. It didn't get released until 1981, and then it was second on the bill, and just at drive-ins. I went to see it just out of curiousity. Drive-in screens are always dark, and I guess they should have printed the film lighter for drive-ins, 'cause there were scenes where I could't see what was going on—and I *knew* what was going on! I felt sorry for the people in the theater."

If *Planet of the Dinosaurs* was a disappointment, then *Timegate* could only be described as a disaster. Beswick and a good many other animators and effects men toiled on the Jim Danforth project for a full year—and it never even started filming. Deadlines were missed, sometimes inexplicably, as everything needed for the shoot *seemed* to be ready. Crew was reduced to skeleton size at times, and at other times production was "temporarily cancelled." The production finally ended in a "lock-out"—crew members were forbidden entry to the effects facilities for feat that costly equipment might be appropriated. And, in fact, most of the stop-motion armatures *were* stolen. After the picture closed down for good, a friend called Beswick to tell him that most of the molds and many of the props developed for the picture had been placed in a dumpster; Beswick and several other crew members rummaged through the dumpster to salvage what they could from the wasted year. "I was mad," Beswick recalls, "because it was such an opportunity and we let it go. We'd lost what seemed like the opportunity of a lifetime."

Coincidentally, most of the *Timegate* crew members, including Phil Tippett, Ken Ralston and Tom St. Armand, were reunited a year later on the crew of *The Empire Strikes Back*. Beswick was there as well, after completing another education film ("The Age of Mammals") and after he'd engineered and built the arm extensions for Sidney, Rick Baker's gorilla suit for *Incredible Shrinking Woman*. For *Empire*, Beswick worked on the armatures of the Tauntaun, the Space Slug, and the larger-scale Snow Walker. The computer-aided animation dubbed "Go-Mo" by its inventors was first used for *Empire*, marking the end of one era in animation techniques, and the beginning of another. "To me," says Beswick, "it means that stop-motion has become a real specialty, a tool that will be used to enhance a scene or a story, rather than used for its own novelty. I've gotten away from stop-motion myself—I haven't shot a frame since *Empire*. I've gotten more into mechanical effects, things that can be shot real time; you don't have to sit there and sweat over an animation model, and everybody can see if it's looking good while they're shooting. And, after seeing *Dragonslayer*, I thought to myself, I'll never be able to top *that*."

After *Empire*, Beswick worked briefly on Rob Bottin's crew for *The Howling*, building various small mechanicals and a "rocket werewolf," powered by com-

(Continued on Page 62)

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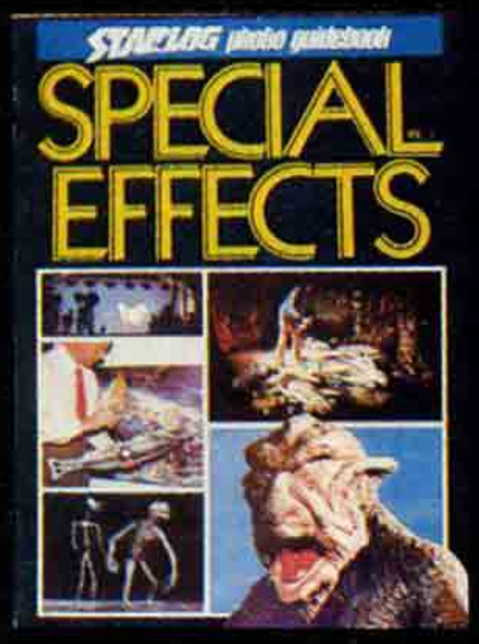

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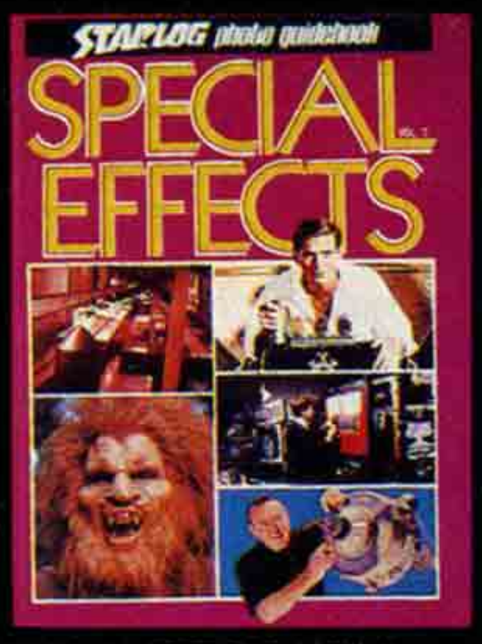

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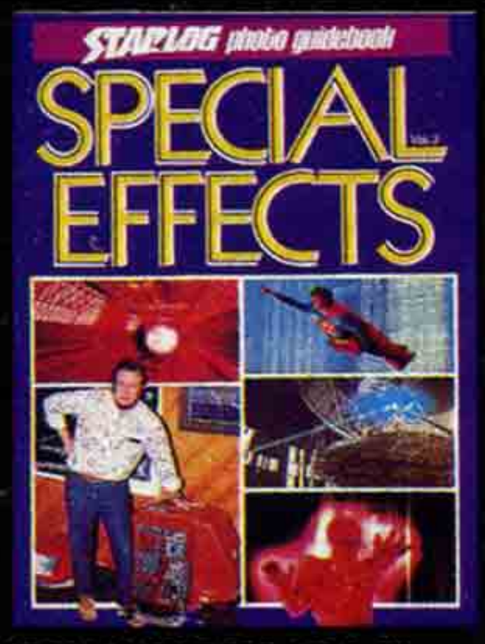

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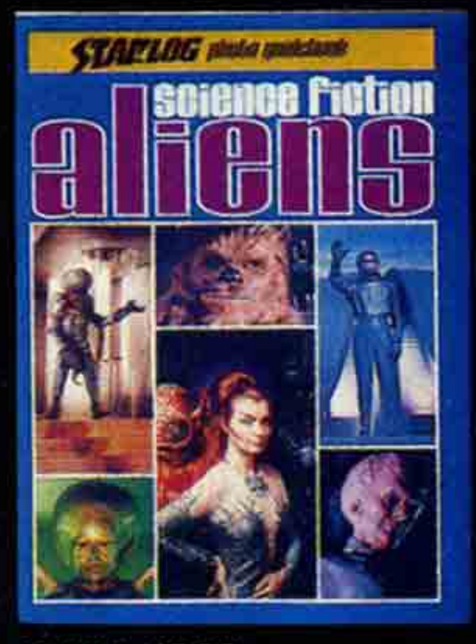

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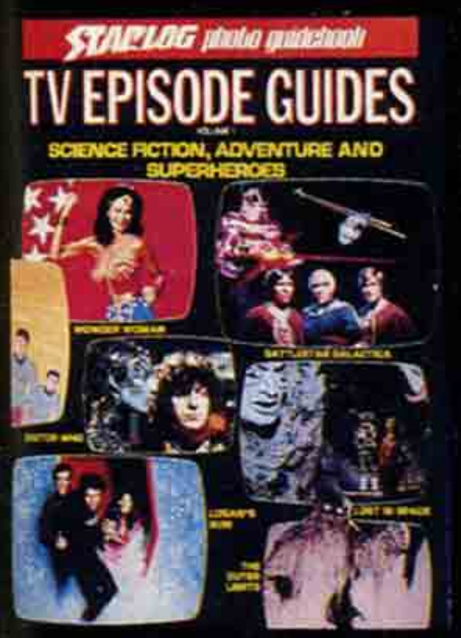

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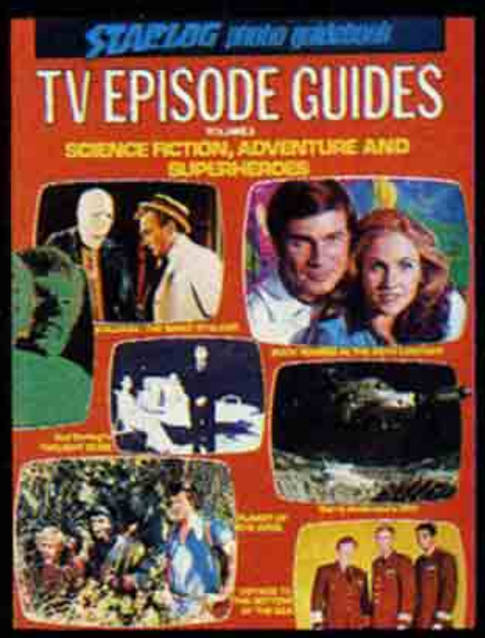

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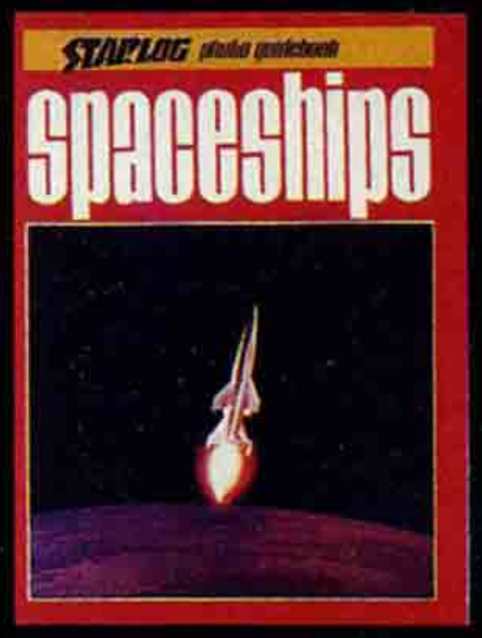

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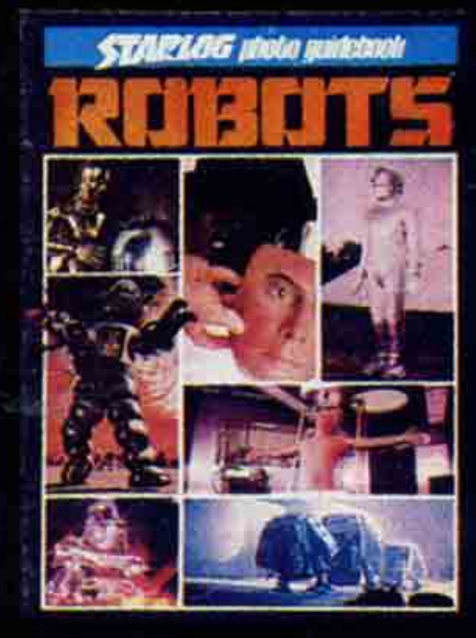

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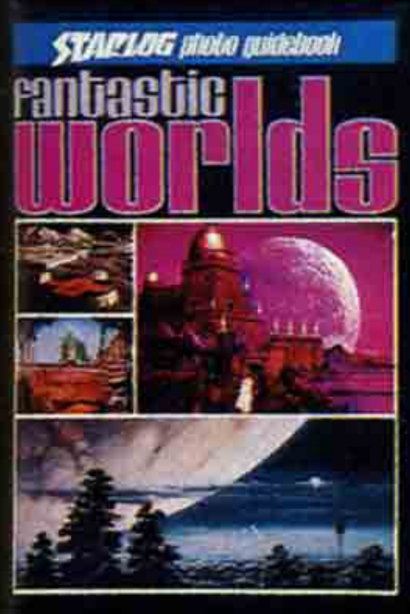

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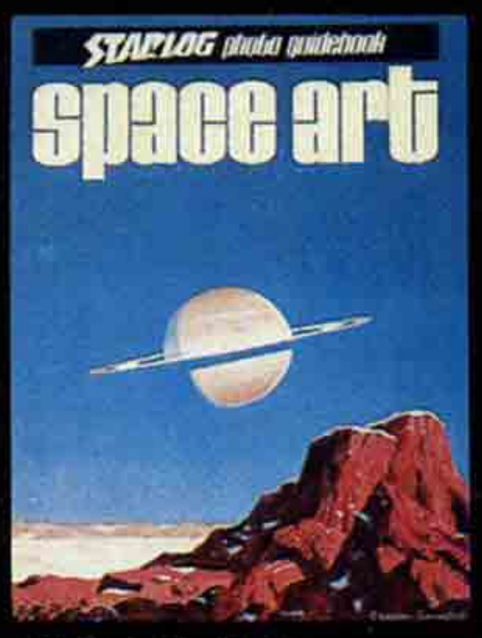

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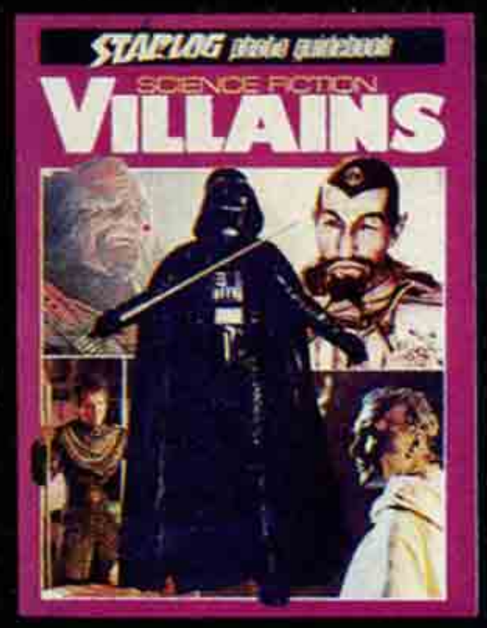

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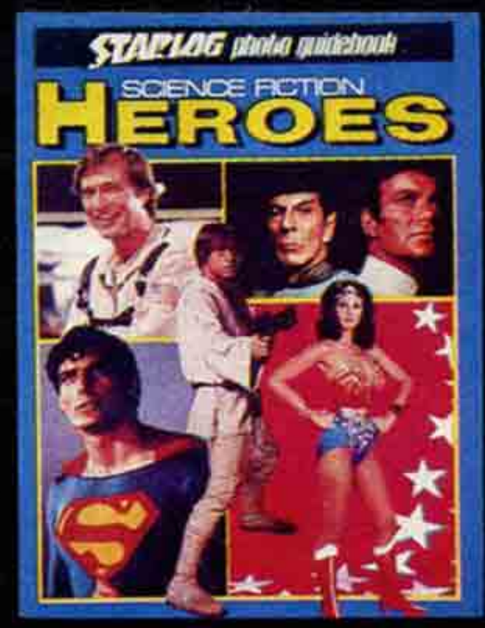

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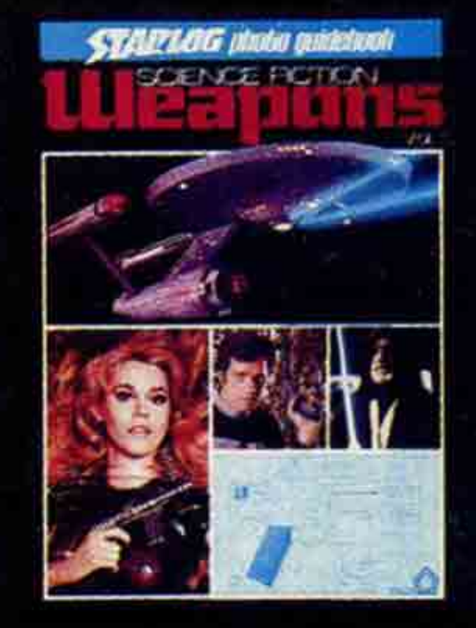

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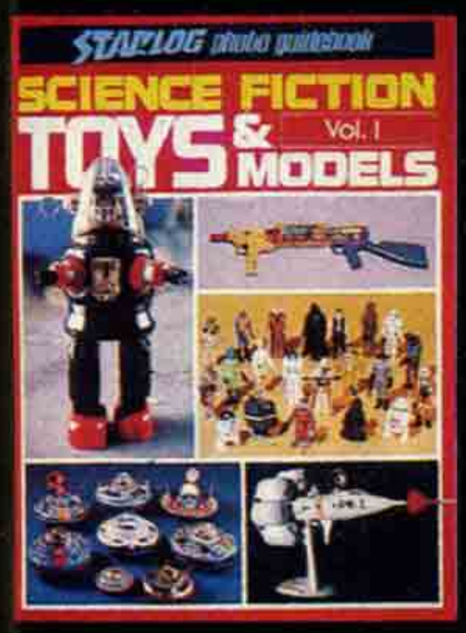

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Up-to-the-minute warnings of what's coming your way!

FEARTEK CONTEST: Halloween's over, folks, and so is our "Halloween in December" contest—and, me oh my, what a fine bunch of entries we've got here! At top left is Emilio Gonzalez, who wins Death Itself (in the form of a sculpture from Fearteck Productions) for his outstanding makeup design. Since Emilio lives in New York City, it's safe to guess that he drew plenty of inspiration from the kinda guys you see on the uptown IRT! At top center is Marlene Stoller's entry, a sculpture entitled 'Eegore," which wins the Dreaded Skull Award for the entry that was most disturbing to look at! Marlene is from Ottawa, but we checked our rules, and there was nothing that said Canadians can't win, so congrats, Marlene!

The two prize-winners were selected by Jim Goodman, president, founder and chief sculptor at Feartek from Fango's selection of finalists. Some of our favorites from that group are also here, including Kevin Yagher (top right) from Centerville, Ohio, who looks like he's seen The Ghoul a few times too many; Bruce Miller (center left) of Orlando, Florida no doubt prepared for the contest by visiting the shark tank at Seaworld, where *Jaws 3-D* recently completed filming; Tony Musick of Carrollton, GA apparently lost his grip while trying to get his head screwed on right; Brady Chang is from Ottawa, also—but this is Ottawa, *Kansas*! His tribute to Our Fighting Forces is pretty elementary stuff, but we appreciate his patriotic spirit; Jeff Bouvier of Whippany, NJ sent us his wedding photo—congrats, Jeff; send us a postcard during your Honeymoon in Hell; Mark Kilburn of demon-haunted Yorkshire in the strange and enchanted (that is to say, *foreign*) land of England demon-strates his makeup skills; and Tom Glazebrook of Godfrey, IL reprises a favorite scene from *Dawn of the Dead*. Any of you guys ever think of moving to Hollywood?

What is it? We're not sure, but the envelope came from Lee Gitthens of Sacramento, CA.

M.I SPECIAL REPORT

Nightmares

By David Everitt

A little over a year ago we ran a special report in these pages about a new attempt to revive TV horror—the short-lived anthology series, *Darkroom*. One of the members of that program's production team, Chris Crowe, is now executive-producing a new TV-horror pilot for NBC called *Nightmares* that hopefully won't repeat the failure of last year's ill-fated series and will instead set the standard for a new kind of terror on the tube.

Because of Crowe's previous involvement with *Darkroom*, we wanted to know if there was any connection between his experience on that series and the current *Nightmares*. "Really damn little," says Crowe, "from the point of view that this show is going to be vastly different from *Darkroom*. Whereas *Darkroom* tended to be sort of intellectual and ironic, *Nightmares* is going to be a flat-out, hopefully very visceral, gutsy scare show. . . The general thrust is going to be outright terror and suspense, with creeping-and-crawling menace and unknown things lurking in corners. It's not going to be cerebral stories about twists of fate; it's really going to be about things that can hurt you." Strong talk such as this naturally brings up the question of the show's use of graphic violence and effects, so common to theatrical features but still relatively uncharted territory for network programming. Those who are waiting for red-blooded television horror may find encouragement in Crowe's statement: "I think *Nightmares* is going to go as far as television propriety is going to allow."

The *Nightmares* two-hour pilot is, as of this writing, scheduled to air sometime in March. Produced by Universal, the show will be made up of four half-hour stories, all of them written by Crowe, and the director will be Joseph Sargent, whose many movie and TV credits include the highly suspenseful *Taking of Pelham One, Two, Three*. The producer, Andrew Mirisch, points out that *Nightmares* will also be youth-oriented, as illustrated by its rock score composed by former Doors keyboard man Ray Manzarek, and by the participation of such punk groups as Fear, X, and Black Flag in one of the pilot's segments. At the time of this writing, there is no solid commitment from NBC to launch a *Nightmares* series but additional episodes are already being developed. As for *Nightmares*' prospects for becoming a series, Crowe says, "We're looking pretty good."

Other encouraging words from Crowe are that the program "is not formula. And we really have access to a better cut of writers. People want to write this sort of show. It allows them to extend and do things they haven't done before."

One of the conspicuous features of *Nightmares* is that it is a horror show *without* a host. Crowe explains that the reason for this decision was that, "we wanted to separate the show from things that have been done in the past. We really want to break with *Twilight Zone*; we don't want any harkening back to that kind of program. The truth is that *Twilight Zone* was never as successful as people think it was in its day. It was a moderate success but only became the cult item that it is today through syndication. It's wonderful when you look at it in perspective as a classic of the past, but I have an idea that *Twilight Zone* wouldn't work now if you were going to produce something like that today. I think *Twilight Zone* drew from a background that's different from the sort of things we'll be drawing from for *Nightmares*. I believe we're going to be as original as we possibly can, but at the same time we've taken a very strong and detailed look at *Alien, Carrie, The Exorcist, Poltergeist* and so on. So the absence of a host is really an effort to break from the past and say that we're doing a show that's different from what's been done before."

TRASH VIDEO: The field of horror video cassettes continues to flourish, not only with gore releases as mentioned previously in Monster Invasions, but in the area of wonderfully terrible pictures as well. Admit One Video Presentations is a Toronto-based company specializing in obscure and low-grade products that are bound to please. Some of their cassettes are relatively legitimate, such as *White Zombie* and Cronenberg's early car movie *Fast Company*, but their stock-in-trade seems to be those movies of such inspired ineptitude that they are sure-fire, laughable entertainment. Included in this category are much tried-and-true attractions as *Robot Monster, Terror of Tiny Town, Horror of Party Beach*, and those Edward D. Wood standards, *Plan 9 From Outer Space, Glen or Glenda* and *Bride of the Monster*. Titles like these have appeared in other video-cassette company catalogs, but to our knowledge Admit One is breaking new ground in that they are devoting themselves completely to schlocky video and are marketing their line as being so bad it's good. For the benefit of us friendly neighbors south of the border, plans are now afoot to distribute Admit One cassettes in the United States through New Video of New York City.

Admit One is also deserving of attention because they may be making a major breakthrough in their field by unearthing a dud that promises to be an all-time classic bomb. Fred Mullin, co-founder and creative director of Admit One, reports that his company is now negotiating for the rights to distribute Edward D. Wood's lost non-sequel to *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, alternately titled *Night of the Ghouls* and *Revenge of the Dead. Revenge of the Dead* (as it is presently being called) completes what Mullin refers to as Wood's horror trilogy which was started by *Bride of the Monster* and *Plan 9*. After finishing production on *Revenge of the Dead*, Wood couldn't come up with the money to pay the lab for the cost of printing the picture and, tragically, was never able to retrieve the film from the lab vault. Mullin, an ardent Wood fan, says that he tracked down the original negative, had a print struck from the film, and is presently winding his way through the movie's copyright maze to negotiate rights for both video cassette and theatrical release. The next cult film attraction may finally be on its way after a 12-year hybernation.

Admit One catalogs can be obtained by writing to the following address: Admit One Video Presentations, 311 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5A IN2.

PHOTO: © 1958 HOWCO

***Brain from Planet Arous* is one of Admit One's many low-grade gems.**

LITTLE SHOP OF BLOOD: Audrey II, the bloodthirsty man-eating plant presently starring in the smash musical version of *Little Shop of Horrors* (see FANGORIA #23), turned its sanguinary attention to a good cause on January 5 when it and its human co-stars took part in a blood drive outside the play's Orpheum Theater on New York's lower east-side. While puppeteer Marty Robinson operated one of his ingenious Audrey II creations, cast members from the show gave some real blood for a change to help the needy. Located as it was on Second Avenue and St. Marks Place in New York's excitable East Village, the blood-drive antics of the performers had a hard time competing with the response from the neighborhood's colorful denizens. One such character, a picturesque fellow whose hypodermic was conspicuously absent, came by to make the gallant offer, "I'd like to give blood, but I don't want to get anybody sick." An associate stopped by later to ask me, "Is this for *donating* blood?" I didn't bother to ask what else he had in mind.

PHOTO: © 1983 NEW LINE CINEMA

The *Evil Dead* are on their way!

EVIL DEAD: The independent Detroit horror feature that made our cover on issue #23 is now set for distribution in the U.S. *Evil Dead* is being handled by New Line Cinema and will most likely open in the New York area in March. Reportedly, New Line will give the picture a big media push and will then play the movie across the country in a gradual regional release pattern. *Evil Dead* is directed by a young man named Sam Raimi and New Line is a company that has just recently made inroads into the horror field with the release of *Xtro* and *Alone in the Dark*. Perhaps we are seeing here the birth of two notable horror providers who will scare audiences for years to come.

ZEDD MAKES *WALL STREET JOURNAL*: Dow Jones & Company's financial newspaper made history (of sorts) on December 20, 1982, by becoming the first news journal to review a super 8 film on page one. Staffer Laura Lando has the byline on the story "Public Access TV In New York Tends Toward Sex, Sadism"—which is largely concerned with the broadcast, over a year ago, of excerpts from Zedd's execrable classic, *They Eat Scum*, offering such praise as, "The vilest and most revolting performance of sadism I have ever seen," and, in the opinion of the New York cable bureau, "offensive in the extreme and an abuse of the New York City public channels."

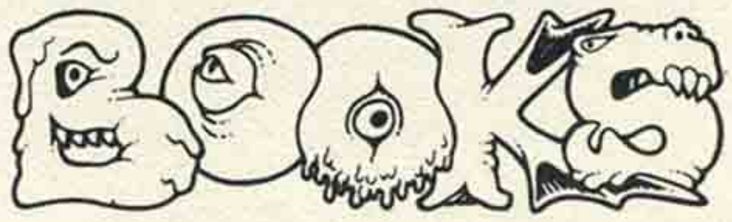
Although unnamed in the article, Nick Zedd takes considerable pride in the recognition bestowed upon him by the newspaper giant, and hopes that the piece will stir further interest in his current epic-in-the-making, *Geek Maggot Bingo* in Monsterama.

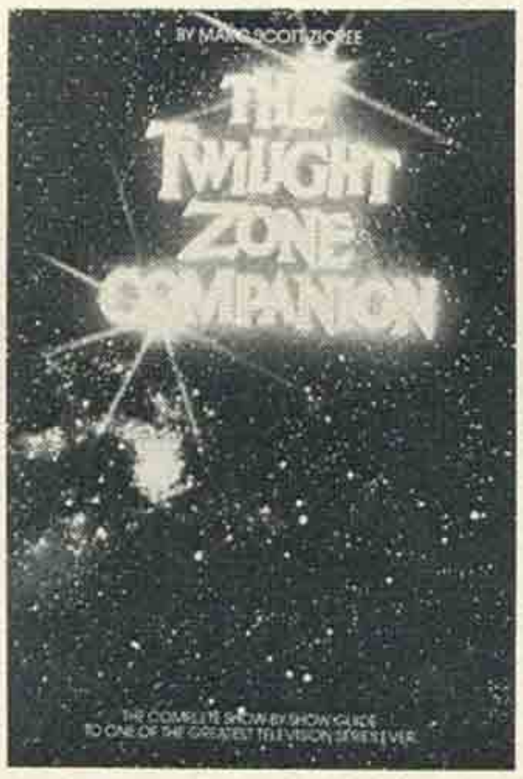
DEAD ZONE: This David Cronenberg adaptation of the Stephen King novel has been picked up by Paramount and principal photography is already in progress in Canada. Scripted by Jeff Boam, *Dead Zone* boasts the most impressive cast to appear in a Cronenberg picture; the actors include Oscar winner Christopher Walken, Brooke Adams, Martin Sheen, Colleen Dewhurst, and Anthony Zerbe. The production-side of the film is also peopled with heavyweights, with such names as Dino Di Laurentiis and Debra Hill listed at the top of the credits. More about this chilling story of psychic powers and political assassination in future issues.

HUNDRA, the story of a self-actualized barbarian woman, recently completed filming in Spain, under the direction of Matt Cimber from a script by John Goff—the writer-director team that galvanized audiences with last year's Pia Zadora vehicle *Butterfly*.

Laurene Landon, who starred as a fighting femme in Robert Aldrich's epic of distaff wrestling, *All The Marbles*, appears in the title role, as a leader of an Amazon-like tribe that lives apart from the society of men, except on those rare occasions when the need to breed arises. Unfortunately, Hundra's tribe becomes a thing of the past when their village is raided by a horde of male barbarians, prompting Hundra—the lone survivor—to set off on the vengeance trail.

A U.S. Distribution deal is now in the works; should all go smoothly for the man-hating fantasy film market, Hundra should be swashbuckling across your local screens in 1983.




BY MARC SCOTT ZICREE
THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION
THE COMPLETE SHOW-BY-SHOW GUIDE TO ONE OF THE GREATEST TELEVISION SERIES EVER

THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION
By Marc Scott Zicree
Bantam Books
447 pages, $9.95
Reviewed by David Sherman

Submitted for your approval: a television program. Thirty prime-time minutes on a major TV network. The time: late 1950's, early 1960's. Minor stimulus on the collective consiousness of the American public, perhaps to be filed away with nostalgia, half-forgotten. But for some viewers, one program can become the last stop on a long human journey. Tonight's case in point, Mr. Marc Scott Zicree, author, and keeper of the flame. So travel, if you will, down a highway that leads to the shadowy tip of reality. Your companions are Mr. Zicree and his book. That's the signpost up ahead—your next stop, the TWILIGHT ZONE!

Critizing television is like criticizing Richard Nixon. So much has been written and said about the bad points that it is no longer particularly challenging or controversial to do so. It can therefore be accepted as a basic operative premise that the bulk of American commercial television programming is banal, insipid, puerile, sub-moronic, and generally insulting to the intelligence of anyone capable of eating with a knife and fork. This becomes all the more evident when an exception proves the rule. *The Twilight Zone* was a sparkling exception. And Marc Scott Zicree's *The Twilight Zone Companion* is a loving tribute to that refreshing oasis in a wasteland of dreck.

The *Companion* explores in detail every aspect of the program. Zicree's comprehensive study includes production details, special effects explanations, budgetary notes, biographical sketches of key contributors (with appropriate prominence accorded Rod Serling), and abundance of anecdotes and recollections, and a sprinkling of dialogue snippets from the teleplays. The real meat-and-potatoes of the *TZC* is a show-by-show compendium of each and every *Twilight Zone* episode, featuring the date of original broadcast, cast and credits, concise plot synopsis, commentary by participants, and a brief critique of the episode. The book is illustrated with 200-plus-photographs, some of the never-before-published variety. And—best of all— each episode synopsis includes Serling's opening and closing narrations. It is pleasantly impossible to read one without hearing Serling's familiar, terse delivery, and savoring his distinctive phraseology. Often imitated; never equaled. In short, the *Companion* tells you everything you ever wanted to know about *The Twilight Zone* and then some. It is obviously a labor of love.

Why did Marc Scott Zicree bother?

Why go to all the trouble of painstaking research, organization, and writing to produce a 446-page tribute to a TV show that ran its last episode 19 years ago? What was it about *The Twilight Zone* that made such a profound and lasting impression on viewers that Bantam Books didn't laugh Zicree right out of their office? Why is the show still popular in syndication to this day, with a hard core of cult followers who have seen each episode dozens of times? Why does just about everyone who has ever seen it seem to have a "favorite" *Twilight Zone*, or one that sticks in their mind from childhood?

The answer is Rod Serling. The *Twilight Zone was* Rod Serling; the product of his creativity, his talent, his skill, his energy, and his caring. He was the right man in the right place at the right time, and he was able to succeed where someone with equal abilites but lesser credentials would have failed. As the author of award-winning live TV dramas such as *Patterns*, and *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, Serling had clout with the network. He created a TV series that was "offbeat," to be sure—vaguely supernatural—but one which examined the human condition as well. *Twilight Zone* protagonists were ordinary people caught up in extraordinary events, a formula which worked well for Alfred Hitchcock 50 years ago, and continues to work for Steven Spielberg today. Serling didn't play down to his viewers with gorilla suits and space helmets, he played up to them with intelligent, literate scripts, characters they could

identify with, and thematic subtleties that transcended their bizarre settings. *The Twilight Zone* had heart. It was the product of one man's unique vision and insistence on quality. That alone should have been enough to doom Serling in Hollywood (and in a way, later did). He wrote the majority of the episodes himself, and assembled casts, crews, and writers committed to creating that rarest of species— a *good* television show. Not every *Twilight Zone* was a masterpiece; the series had its share of clinkers, which the harshly self-critical Serling readily admitted. But at least they were in there trying every week, and, in the long run, it paid off.

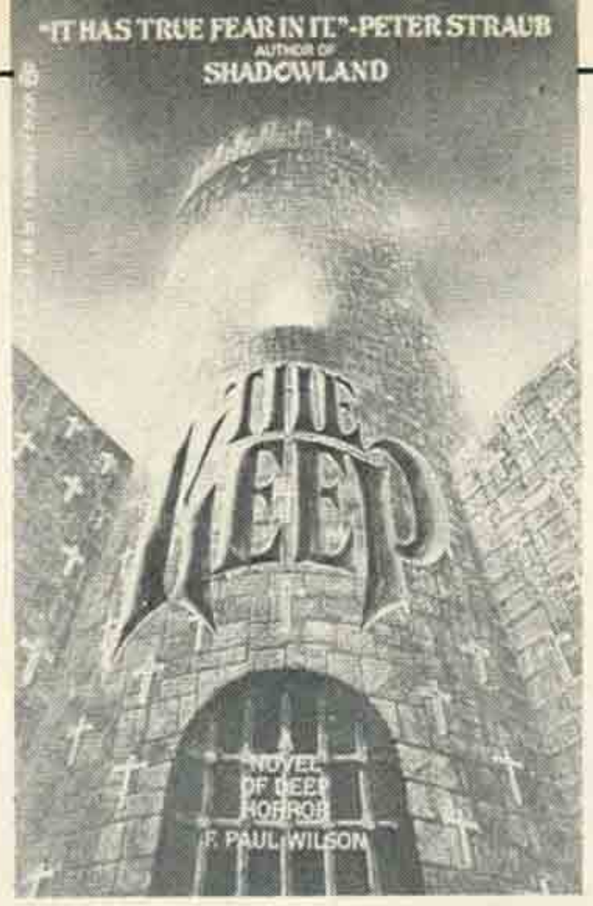
The network and sponsors never particularly liked or understood *The Twilight Zone*. It wasn't what they were used to; it couldn't be summarized in a one-sentence memo. They seemed to be almost patronizing Serling by putting the show on the air; after all, he had written "winners" before, so he must know what the public likes, right sweetie-baby? Take a meeting. The show received critical acclaim and a loyal following, but it was never a mega-hit. The network cancelled it when it was still high in the ratings. The television industry was then in a period of transition, just recovering from the quiz-show scandals, and ready to drop all pretense of entertainment respectability and go all out to chalk up the big ratings and rake in the big bucks. Fittingly, the trigger-man at CBS was James "Cobra Jim" Aubrey, the founding father of lower-common-denominator programming. The man who gave us *Mr. Ed* and *Petticoat Junction*. He couldn't dig *The Twilight Zone*. Not enough pretty girls or gunfights. No canned laughter. And that egghead Serling. What's with him? Always wants to do things right. What a pain. Adios *Twilight Zone*.

In the 11 years between *Twilight Zone*'s cancellation and his untimely death at age 50 in 1975, Rod Serling remained a successful and respected creative force in the field of popular television. But he never again was able to put it all together as he had with *Twilight Zone*. Contractual obligations bound his name and presence to the mediocre *Night Gallery* long after control was taken away from him and his concepts disregarded. Yet Rod Serling leaves behind a legacy. *Twilight Zone* was hardly great art—as Serling would be the first to point out—but it *was* good entertainment. It outclassed most of its competition, and touched the lives of millions of people, even if only in a fleeting manner. The program, like Mark Scott Zicree's fine book about it, lives on, as a tribute to the talented and gentle man who created it.

THE KEEP
By F. Paul Wilson
Berkley Books
406 pages, $3.50
Reviewed by David Sherman

Under ordinary circumstances, the adage "the lesser of two evils" connotes a choice between two unpleasant but unspectacular options; e.g., going to the dentist or suffering with a toothache. In his current novel, *The Keep*, F. Paul Wilson raises the stakes a little higher. Western Civilization is up for grabs, and the Third Reich is taking on the Undead to see who gets it. Nazis vs. vampires—what a boffo idea! The personification of supernatural evil going one-on-one with the goose-stepping executors of secular malevolence. It's a natural. Makes you wonder why no one's thought of it before.

The spring of 1941 finds war raging across Europe. Nazi Germany is at the apex of its



power, having brushed aside all opposition with the devastating Blitzkrieg. A modest column of German soldiers is given the relatively innocuous assignment of guarding an obscure access route to the strategic petroleum refineries at Ploiesti, Romania. The troops, under the command of army Captain Klaus Woermann, are ordered to establish a base of operations in a keep—sort of a small-scale medieval castle—situated midway along the trail. The trail is known as the Dinu Pass. It passes through the Transylvanian Alps.

It doesn't take Woermann and his men long to critique the keep as being considerably less hospitable than the local Ramada Inn. Grim and foreboding, it appears long devoid of living occupants. Woermann, an observant sort, notices that even birds, which generally inhabit similar structures, are nowhere to be seen. Also noted with curiosity are the stone walls of the keep, which are profusely inlaid with modified metal crosses. Mighty spooky. Any chance that these warnings, portents and imminent evils may have failed to register with our Teutonic wayfarers is slammed to the canvas by the appearance of two local villagers. The pair are custodians, engaged in perpetuity to maintain the little castle by a mysterious and unknown employer. With the sincere conviction that superstitious Romanian peasants wrote the book on supernatural dread, the two locals warn Woermann and company not to sleep over. They get tossed out on their ears faster than you can say "Goering wears a dress." The Germans set up camp—despite their commanding officer's unspoken misgivings.

Nights falls. Two enlisted men, motivated by fantasies of buried treasure, decide to do a little prospecting in the keep's dismal cellar. Engrossed in their greedy scavenger hunt, the soldiers penetrate a meticulously sealed inner sanctum. It quickly becomes clear that what they have stumbled into is a solitary confinement cell containing a very special prisoner—a foul, predatory prisoner who veils himself in a shroud of impenetrable darkness and reeks of malice immemorial.

Pandora's Box thus opened, the fun begins.

The Dark Man expresses his gratitude to the two hapless members of his ad-hoc parole board by promptly tearing their throats out. He then embarks on a diabolical campaign of terror against the Germans, each night stalking and devouring individual soldiers until the entire command is on the verge of panic-stricken mutiny. As a career military officer, Woermann is unable to disobey orders and abandon the keep. He instead sends an urgent and cryptic communique to the German High Command in Berlin. Cryptic, because the good Captain does not know quite how to explain that his ranks are being decimated by an apparent vampire.

Help is on the way. An SS Extermination Squad is dispatched, to "settle the problem." They are led by SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Erich Kaempffer, doctrinaire Nazi, genocidal barbarian, and all-around Master Race regular guy. A rising star in the Third Reich menagerie, Kaempffer views the Dinu Pass assignment as an irritating delay of his pet project—setting up a nice concentration camp in Romania—but a choice opportunity to show up his old rival Woermann. Kaempffer will soon discover that vengeful vampires don't roll over quite as easily as French peasants.

Author Wilson keeps several dynamic threads running throughout *The Keep*. We are soon introduced to Professor Theodor Cuza of Bucharest. Prof. Cuza—aged, infirm, crippled by disease—is a man steeped in his nation's history and folklore, and the foremost native authority on the eerie castle in the Dinu Pass. Cuza and his equally scholarly, painfully introverted daughter Magda are unceremoniously hauled into service by a Nazi goon squad. The macabre carnage at the keep rages on, but the pragmatic SS major refuses to admit defeat at the hands of a creature whose very existence Kaempffer denies. The desperate coalition between the shanghaied technical advisors and their brutal captors seethes with fear and loathing; the Cuzas are Jews. Wilson deftly constructs a climate of tense and bitter irony in which mortal enemies become dependent on each other for survival. An ever more intriguing dimension is added when the elder Cuza establishes a clandestine relationship with the Dark Man himself. And a perversely fascinating character he is; terrifying yet oddly charming, utterly repellent yet somehow magnetic. The Dark Man grows in strength with each passing hour, unleashed not just upon the arrogant defilers of his home, but ultimately upon the whole world.

Meanwhile, from the West, a redheaded stranger approaches. A man of mysterious origin and obscure intent, driven by a telegnostic awareness that the unholy is once again afoot in Transylvania. The redheaded stranger is destined to play a key role in the battle for the keep—particularly in the life of Magda Cuza.

At first glance, *The Keep* might appear to be the dopiest kind of hybrid genre shlock, something perhaps like *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula*. Pleasingly, it is not. The author has taken a Saturday matinee idea, and developed it into a first-rate chiller. Wilson, whose previous works include *Wheels Within Wheels* and *An Enemy of the State*, displays a crisp, well-placed style and a fine sense of esoteric detail.

The Keep is a dandy blend of moral dilemma, supernatural cunning, two-fisted blood and guts, and good old fashioned scary stuff. The book is engrossing and suspenseful from the first chapter to the last page, and you will find yourself frightened and philosophical at the same time. The numerous cross-currents of hostility and intrigue among the major characters weave a complex web of emotion. Wilson finally paints you into a corner and makes you choose sides between the Prince of Darkness and a certain well-known Austrian paperhanger. The forces of Good seem to be hopelessly outclassed by the forces of Evil. But, in the immortal words of Yogi Berra, it ain't over till it's over.

Beswick

(Continued from Page 56)

pressed air, that was to jump out of the burning barn in the climactic scene. It never was launched for the cameras, however, and Beswick's contributions to *The Howling* were cut short when the opportunity arose to work with Rick Baker on a project for Stephen Spielberg.

Night Skies is another sad chapter in fantasy film history, with many of the same elements as *Timegate*—a major effects film, months of development and investment of time and energy, and a final lockout, imposed by director-producer Steven Spelberg, who had decided to abandon the evil alien story in favor of *E.T.*

"We spent six months developing the aliens for the picture," Beswick says. "I was going to be the 'Carlo Rambaldi' of *Night Skies*, in charge of the mechanical effects, and Rick Baker was, of course, the makeup creator, and designer of all the creatures. There were going to be six or seven aliens, and they were going to be mischievous, rather than a cute, lovable guy. I think it was a good idea to switch to the *E.T.* project, it was a better story. The rest you'd better ask Rick about. . . .

"But what really hurt was that we had to leave *our* e.t.—all our ideas and designs. I was able to take my personal notebook; when word came down that we had to be out of there, I grabbed that and my lunch. Even though Columbia picked up the tab, it was our ideas, and our guts."

Beswick did get a chance to use some of the designs that he'd developed in *Night Skies* for his next project with Baker, *An American Werewolf in London*, for the reanimated corpse of Jack, a mechanical figure made in the likeness of actor Griffin Dunne (see FANGORIA #14). Beswick's mechanical skills were also essential to *AWL*'s transformation scenes, which afforded him some compensation for his early departure from *The Howling*.

"After *American Werewolf*," says Beswick, "Rick wanted to keep his crew, and the way you keep a crew is to keep them working. So, in between *American Werewolf* and *Videodrome*, Rick used his own personal funds to keep everyone on, and set up a project he wanted to do with a totally animated troll—an extension of the work on *Night Skies* and on Jack, but better. We built an entire arm and hand where everything functioned, from the shoulder to the fingertips, all done with cables. The stuff we built for *Night Skies* had some push and pull rods, so it could never be totally isolated; this guy you could put in the middle of an empty set and work him."

When Rick Baker read the script for *Videodrome*, he hesitated before taking it on. The film's sex-and-violence theme was not his favorite subject matter, and the script called for a wide range of effects to be delivered in short order. "The script was perhaps the most bizarre I'd ever read," says Beswick, "I had a hard time getting a story out of it. But my feelings were based strictly on the mechanical aspect; how well I could make the mechanics work. The graphic nature of the effects didn't bother me at all."

The mechanicals for *Videodrome* were primarily handled by Bill Sturgeon, who handled various small items like the "living videocassette" (photo in FANGORIA #20) and Beswick who took on the major operations—like the elaborate reworking of the color television that graced our last issue's cover. The time squeeze was not too severe for the mechanical work, says Beswick, "but, toward the end, a lot of the paint and the foam weren't done. The guys were literally working 24 hours a day for three days straight. I'd come into the shop at 8 A.M. and find them still working, and a couple of guys stretched out, sleeping in the office. But we pretty much did everything we'd started out to do. It just took a little longer."

Baker is currently in England, continuing work on *Lord Greystoke*, creating a number of apes for what may prove to be the ultimate *Tarzan* film. "When Rick took the picture on, it had to be a quick decision," says Beswick, "because they planned to start right away; but it meant a whole year in London. But the money was good, and the script was excellent; Rick decided he had to do it."

Baker invited all of his crewmen to join him overseas, but Beswick, reluctant to relocate his family for a year, turned down the opportunity. "I did agree to build the arm extensions, and go over for awhile when they were finished. I was over there for about a week; everything looked great, they had a crew of about 40 people and were doing wonderful things. I've seen some rushes on the chimps, and they are terrific. The projectionist at Warner's asked me if they were real." The number of apes Baker is devising for the film is not yet public knowledge, but Beswick built 13 arm extenions—a Baker's dozen? Vicky (Mrs. Doug) Beswick, who has served as her husband's unpaid assistant on quite a few projects, was made an official part of the team this time around.

Beswick, meanwhile, is not idle, though his current project is shrouded in secrecy. Suffice to say that it's not a film project. In the film world, Beswick has a number of projects in the talking stage, the most exciting being a major project with Rob Bottin. The rumors we've heard suggested that Bottin's next project is a major fantasy project for a certain "name" director, and is expected to be two years or more in the making. Beswick has heard similar rumors, but not from Bottin. "All Rob told me was to call him first, before I take on anything major," says Beswick, "but I get the feeling it's very close. I mentioned to him that I'd seen *The Thing*, and we talked about that for awhile, and his closing comment to me was, 'Doug, I want to work on a *big* picture,'"

It looks like *big* things lay in store for Beswick.

Ed French

(Continued from Page 24)

tor of *Sleepaway Camp*. Bilowit approached French with a series of storyboards outlining the effects for the movie. "If I hadn't done *Amityville II*, I don't know that I would have been able to do *Sleepaway Camp*," French says. "I probably would have taken the job, struggled my way through it, and would have hated the work. But I enjoyed the work, and for that I am very grateful to John and Stephan.

"In its graphic approach, I would say that it's like *The Birds*. Early on, the director, Bob Hibtzig, and I sat down and discussed the fact that if we were to shoot things in the straightforward way that they're usually done, then my work would get cut, their film would be edited, and nobody would be getting any entertainment value out of it. Still, the payoff on these murders is seeing something terrible happen. You won't necessarily lose your popcorn, but we did manage to portray a number of terrible things happening.

"For instance, in one scene, a character is in the middle of delivering a line when [CENSORED TO PRESERVE SHOCK]. I don't think any movie has ever had that happen before."

French, working in the confines of his New York apartment, was able to supply all the victims required for the summer-camp stalker movie for an incredibly low budget. Word of his efficiency soon reached the producers of a proposed low-budget fantasy film entitled *Tales from the Black Forest*, inspired by some of the more grisly moments from the stories of the Brothers Grimm. At this point, only one of the three stories planned have been shot, while the producers seek additional financing.

The one episode, however, promises a transformation sequence unlike any seen before, as any army of worms becomes flesh to adorn the dry-rotted skeleton of an ancient witch. "The final makeup was a six-hour ordeal for the actress, Leslie Sank," says French, "and she handled it very well—and gave a fantastic performance."

Patience is advised to those anxious to see French's work in *Smithereens, Sleepaway Camp, Greek Maggot Bingo* (see "Monster Invations," issue #25), and *Tales from the Black Forest*. The first of these, now in release from New Line, is not planned for wide distribution; the next two are yet to be announced for release, and the last has yet to be completed. But, even if these movies never make it to the local theaters in Nashua, New Hampshire, several scripts sit on his shelf that may become his next project; and French is one of the few people who knows any details on Frank Henenlotter's anxously-awaited second feature—which may prove to be French's second assignment with John Caglione. "Frank gave me a book containing a number of pictures, to draw a concept from," he says, with the proper air of mystery.

You may take it as a warning, or as a promise: we have not seen the last of Ed French.

T.V. Mikels

(Continued from Page 32)

clusivity in our lifestyles to keep our records straight.

Fang: How many wives do you have?

TM: We don't use the term wives. We did at one time. The ladies that are with me—it varies between two and 10. When we're all living together and coexisting under the same roof, it can be a little difficult. Some of the ladies that are part of my life may not live here. The ones that are the closest for long periods of time may have had circumstances that would not allow them to. The ladies that live here with me do not have children or it would be too complicated to bring children into it. They usually are ladies with a career in mind or something to do with their lives, that are not in comfort with children. I've raised all the childen I need to raise—my own six, I don't know how many others of ladies I've helped to raise. Now we just call them "Castle Ladies," we no longer call them wives because to me the definition of wife is a little more than restrictive. The ladies that are with me are totally free spirits. The term free spirit doesn't include them chasing the street. They're totally free to leave any time, and that choice is made when they decide to chase the street so to speak, to want to leave. It is a moral, workable arrangement in which we assist each other in our life's work and we achieve what we aspire to. That's what it's all about.

Fang: How would you like to be remembered?

TM: Well, just as a hell of a filmmaker who did 28 hours a day, seven days a week, eight days a week, 10 days a week towards the making of films. Always conceiving, concocting new ideas for stories. I've got a great many story properties that if I find the money on time they won't become obsolete. If I do not find the money on time, they will become obsolete. I have epics in mind. I want to do the story of *Beowulf*, which I wanted to do before *Conan*. It's in a similar realm. I'm working on one now called *Space Angels*. I'm putting my Beowulf and barbarian characters from the middle ages in outer space with beautiful females on a female planet, all fighting with spaceships. We're already started—we've got seven ships all created in the screenplay. I'm looking for financing for that. Ten years ago, I had people saying, "If I could have had your credits, as long as I live I'd be happy." This is 10 years ago and you think of all the pictures I had in the last 10 years and I think to myself, "That's strange," because I haven't really started yet. I have films playing in every nook and cranny of the globe. I have films playing in 16mm copies in tents in parts of the country and in parts of the world. The worst hurt is the piracy that's taken place all across Europe. Every picture I've got is available on cassette in every principal city all over that part of the world. In closing, I'd like to be remembered for the films I will make—my best one is yet to be made.

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Comics & the Law: What's Funny & What's Illegal?
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Marv Wolfman: Teamwork's the Key
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COMING IN COMICS scene

1983 gets off to a great start when COMICS SCENE gives you the low-down on everyone's favorite web-slinger. We went right to the source and demanded to know why the *Spider-Man* comics were getting so much praise and attention. Editor Tom DeFalco, and writers J.M. DeMatteis, Bill Mantlo and Roger Stern all give their reasons. There will be plenty of great color scenes from Spidey's life plus a luscious John Romita Spider-Man cover. If that's not enough, then let's toss in the fact that we're running a Spider-Man contest giving away graphic novels, subscriptions and comic books galore.

But let's get serious for a moment. Budding writers and artists love parody, especially after growing up with *Mad* and the *National Lampoon*. But do they know what they can legally get away with when they do a satire? Howard Cruse has been digging into this subject for some time now and presents us with the facts and figures.

One of the most successful satires in comics today is *Cerebus the Aardvark*. What? You don't know anything about the barbarous earth-pig? Well, the time has come to reveal all, and we do with an exclusive interview with Dave and Deni Sim.

Trina Robbins has shaken off the label "Underground artist" as she expands her horizons on an almost daily basis. We cornered her for an extensive interview that explains who she is, where she has been and why she does the things she does. The color self-portrait is worth the price of admission alone!

As usual, there are plenty of other goodies including a Guest Spot with Marv Wolfman, a look at France's *Valerian*, interviews with Bil and Glenn Keane about the *Family Circus* and *Mickey Mouse* (figure out who does what), news, letters and more, more, more!

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I am the Boogie Man. I like Fangoria issues.

Dirk Stout loves Explicit Gore. Eat your heart out, George Creamer.

To those who would damn Fangoria in any way, I bestow a curse upon they mindless soul!—Irwin.

Fresh blood is red, Frozen Corpses are blue,
Let's Axe-murder Siskel, and hack Ebert, too!
John Markovich, Seattle, WA.

Napalm sticks to little children, all the children in the world; Be them yellow, black or white, Napalm burns them up in site.

Viva La Dogs from Edinboro.

What! A FREE subscriber ad! That's pretty good. I like that. —Karl.

In nomine Dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsil.

Rob Cardinale, Dave Took and Joel Rothman of Phenomenal Films Productions, say, "Boomball!"

Leatherface for President—Coop

I'm ½ Italian, I don't have a right ear, my hair is all gone, and my nose is half gone; next time I'm hungry I'll eat my big toes!

I would disembowel my sister on your command, Tom Savini. Signed, Eric the Demon Dog.

Fish should be kept out of graveyards.

Hey Bob, why not do an interview with the famous John McCarty?

Jamie Lee Curtis is the all-time best actress.

Kip Garrett and Mike Patton Love *Fangoria*!

The Thing and Rob Botttin are the Greatest.

John Carpenter movies and *Star Trek* are the greatest—Tim.

John Carpenter is A#1 with me—Robert Campbell T.C.

I Love *Halloweeen II*, Jamie Lee Curtis and *Friday the 13th II*.

Nick, Louis & Rich love Savini, Romero & *Dawn of the Dead.*

Sean Steffey loves *FANGORIA.*

Creepshow, Alien and *Halloween* are the best horror movies ever made.
—Chris Johnson

Experienced filmmaker needs actors (16-21) for non-profit (but gorey) film. Pics & info to: David Lewis c/o 298½ University Ave., #1, St. Paul, MN 55103.

WANTED: Anyone interested in being in a "special Make-up Effects Company." Send portfolio to: **CREATURE CREATIONS,** 1602 Duffy Ct., Venice, FL. 33595

FELLOW MASK COLLECTORS! Want to trade, sell, or buy? Send "have/want" lists to David Lady, 925 Elm, Bucyrus, Ohio 44820.

WANTED: Photos and stills from gore films, and make-up techniques. Josh Lubin, 60 Kathleen, La., Mt. Kisco, n.Y. 10949.

WANTED: A person interested in makeup effects and/or amature films: Keith Vogt, 317 Dewey Ave., Pittsburgh, PA. 15218.

Now creating amateur splatter movie, "Feast of Evil Dead". Interested? Get involved! Matt Ritchey, 17 Stonehenge, Ocean, NJ 07712.

Would like to see pictures of other Makeup EFX Artists work. Send pics and ideas to Dave Romero 1828 E. Abriendo, Pueblo, Colo. 81004. Tom Savini is #1. May his work live on!

Steve Tigner—your address is illegible.

Super 8 filmmakers, share your ideas! Lee Jeter, 611½ U. Apt., Marshall, TX 75670.

Want to exchange horror makeup ideas. Write to Jeff Bouvier, 13 Lionel Place, Whippany, NJ 07981.

WANTED: Anything on horror makeup effects, willing to buy. David Pierce, 4103 Woolslayer Way, Pittsburgh, PA 15224.

I write horror stories and would like to share. Kirk, 2668 Stockton, Anaheim, CA.

Future #1 Movie-Making Team: Mike H. & Roger G. "Special Effects R Us"

The Who, BOC, *Zombie*, George Romero, and Tom Savini rule!—R. Riker.

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Long live Men at Work, Devo, and new wave!

I love - gore, punk, and people with twisted personalities -Problem Child - J.L.G.

I love three things in the world. They are SME, synth rock, and my sister Julie. Long live Tom Savini, Monty Python, and Ultravox!

Long Live Kiss (the best band ever!), Stephen King and, always, Peter Cushing.
—Kevin McKeon

Fangoria, Savini, Smith, Blasco, Bottin, Oingo Boingo, Sparks and KROQ are #1!

WANTED: Pen pals who love IRON MAIDEN and horror flicks. I'll answer anyone who writes about anything! David Eastlund, 6615 Chancellor Drive, Spring, TX 77373.

Throbbing Gristle, PiL, ON-U-SOUND, Velvet Monkeys, Limbo District, Jack Heard, *Driller Killer, Inside Seka,* Melly Mel, Kurt Russel, *Road Warrior,* Baby Laby!

Do an article on my movie *Eegah!* —Arch Hall.

To Ana, future Mrs. Miguel, I Love you!
—Paul

Ric & Michelle Forever!

Happy Birthday, Kathy—Dec. 7th, I Love You!
—Andy

Glenn, you're the best kid ever. I love you! Keep up the gory reading, Glenn and Michael!
—Love, Cindy

Beatty, Merry X-mas you little brat. I love you tons. —Michael.

Lori, from me to you, a year of *Fangoria. Merry Christmas—Love, Pete*

Makeup; motorcycles; Dungeons & Dragons are greatest. Hi Jim, Hiya Hypo. —Eugene S.

Hi Tim, Rob, Ken, and Cat! From your pen pal and friend Greg!

Ricky, come home all is forgiven. I'll fly to pieces! EMMA from St. Louie. P.S.—Your chainsaw is back from the shop.

Merry Xmas, Grady. Your special Makeup effects are wonderful!! Luv, Mom and Phil.

Thanks for the subscription, Mom!

Mr. & Mrs. Ward, I think you raised a monster (Mark)! —Cotton.

Steve: Happy B-day! Love, Leslie.

God Bless the Chicago Police Dpt., especially Det. Tuider and slain offs. Darcy, Doyle, Fahey, O'Brien, the guys at Bruno's and the yard.

The Ghoul and *Fangoria* are the best—Lonnie.

Merry Christmas to Michael from Lumpy.

Count Yort: I think this was a great idea. I'm glad you thought of it. Merry Christmas From Flash Ryan, Rambling Gift-Giver.

Thanks to my Mom and sister Erlinda for this subscription to Fangoria, & to mention my other sister Silvia & 2 of my brothers, Claudio & Rolando & to my dad!—Tony N. Lopez.

Laura: Having a great time, wish I was here. Love, Rob.

To the Beast: I still love your movie, so there! Merry Christmas with Love from Lisa.

Fangoria is Awesome—Mark L.

To H.E. Castro the best! I hope that our true friendship will last till the end . . . . V.M. Santana***

"I Love David Malloy"—Bantana Marino.

For my bloodthirsty nephew, Donnie. Hope this quenches it, bud—Your Loving Aunt Terri

Hi Rowdy, Shane, Adam, Marty, Brian, Steve, Kevin, Jeff, Chad, Jason, Phil, Mike Cosper, Scott Divine. The Fab Chris Divine.

Steve was here "82." Thanks Scott for the Fangoria.

Merry Christmas Mike: You've always been a "monster" at heart.—from Zeek.

Merry Christmas Dad, we hope you get to see *The Thing* someday; You'll like it! Love, Rick & Kim & Art.

To my Mom, who got me this subscription for Christmas.

Terry, Merry Christmas to the best artist and the biggest gore fan in the World! Keep up the good work! Your Brother, Bryan.

To my dear wife Dawn and my children Eric, Marcus, Jennifer and Andrew, Loving You Forever, Lee.

What is this? *Fangoria* or *Family Circle*?

Hi Mark and Laura. Best Wishes Always.
—Psycho Ward

That's a little better.

High to my friends up north, I miss you all!! *Off Season:* the ultimate gore novel! Eddie & Iron Maiden Rule! Meet you in Hell, Rae!! —Doug

Welcome to Fangoria. Happy Birthday, George!
—Love, Ma

Herschell Gordon Lewis is King.
—Darren Gervais

Michael Myers, *Halloween II*, best ever, Dick Warlock. Jamie Lee Curtis, too—Roddy.

Hi Michael! Tom Savini, George Romero are the best. *Friday the 13th* #1—Andrea.

Friday the 13th is numero uno!!!

Long live Jason Vorhees, his mother & Michael Myers!—Martin Wong

Dawn of the Dead, Zombie and *The Thing* are the best.—S.C.

I love *Fangoria* and especially Stephen King.
—Chris Ward.

Will trade or buy paperbacks by Kenneth Robeson and other SF series. Eric Ovestrud, 2424 Virginia, Port Orchard, WA 98366.

WANTED: Copy of the out-of-print *Dawn of the Dead* book. Name your price. Mike Hawley, 27 La Flecha, Santa Barbara, CA 63105.

WANTED: Any paraphernalia from *Phantasm.* Contact John (Tall Man) Mellecken, 5314 130th Pl. NE, Marysville, WA 98270. Chris, Jason witchhunts next.

WANTED: Anything on *The Thing.* Send to J. Nasworthy, 4522 151st Ave. SE, 98006.

WANTED: Books, posters, photos, anything from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre.* Mike Williams, 7704 Birch St., New Orleans, LA 70118.

WANTED: Any sci-fi or horror posters or books. Write to G. Young, 7620 N. Olive St., Kansas City, MO 64118. Long Live John Carpenter and Stephen King!

WANTED: Old comics, back issues of *Fangoria*, & horror movie items. Send to — Jeff Volpe, 442 Gatewood Ct., G.B., MD 21061 (Merry Christmas Richard).

Any pix from *Dark Shadows.* Contact S. Kniften, 17 Forest Dr., East Northport, NY 11731.

WANTED: Stills from *AWL, Halloween,* and *Creepshow.* Sean Wilson, 37 Bruce Lane, N. King's Park, NY 11754.

WANTED: ANY kind of movie posters! Dan, 2409 Jewel Drive, Arlington, TX 76016.

WANTED: Porsche, brand new, under $200.

WANTED: Horror posters and magazines. John Tobin, 18349 Clyde Ave., Lansing, IL 60438.

Frank Pittarese of Brooklyn: you omitted your street address.

WANTED: *Halloween* movie posters. Write Chris Savage, 3400 Nescliffe Way, Carmichael, CA 95608.

WANTED: *Outer Limits* and *Westworld* merchandise. *Halloween, The Thing* and *Halloween III* Forever. Thanks, Karen. Hi, Scott. Tom Santella, 5189 Holly Frams Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

WANTED: *Dawn of the Dead* on videocassette. Also, to correspond with other horror fans, girls 13-15. Send to: Chip Sutelan, 6150 Sylvan Street, Norfolk, VA 23508.

WANTED: *Fangoria* #10. Will give a year of *Fangoria* and *Starlog* #64. Write to: Keith, Box 1672, Owensboro, KY 42301. (Need it.)

PERSONAL TO STEVE H: There is no "J. Carpenter School of Filmmaking." The phrase refers only to his style, his *oeuvre*, his *mise-en-scene*. Got it?

Jason Berry is #1, and please do not forget it!

Terri: After two great years, our love grows apace—Yours, Murray.

Hi to Dusty and Megan, Have a good 1983 from Tucson.—Jan.

"Long Live Uncle Bob"—Chris Thorton, Torrance, CA; Brett Arnold, H.C., CA; Joe Close, Torrance, CA.

Creepshow—The Best. Thanks, Mom.

Long Live *Wild Angels, Devil's Angels, Up, Super Vixens*, Merle Haggard and Russ Meyer.

The Thing, Halloween, Phantasm, Friday the 13th and *Creepshow* Rule!—Blob.

AWL, Howling, Thing, Great Movies!

Mel Gibson really is a swell guy!—Roscoe and Wanda

Thanks, F.J. Ackerman. I quit *F. Monsters* to get *Fangoria*. Love ya!

Romero, Savini and *Dawn of the Dead* are all #1! —Mike.

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COMING IN STARLOG #69

It's a short time ago in a galaxy not very far away and a small band of filmmakers has completed one of the most eagerly-awaited motion pictures of the decade, *Return of The Jedi*. This issue, we feature the latest chapter of the *Star Wars* saga in an exclusive preview with all-new never-before-seen color photos. *Jedi* producer Howard Kazanjian discusses the problems of lensing the top-secret outer-space adventure while the Man in the Golden Mask— Anthony Daniels—reveals just what it's like portraying C-3PO and living in the shadow of Dudley Moore. (No kidding!)

Plus a visit inside your radio to the National Public Radio studios where the currently-broadcast, all-in-sound adaptation of *The Empire Strikes Back* is taped. . . and a far-ranging talk with SF author James Kahn about his dual roles: novelizing *Return of The Jedi* and *Poltergeist*, acting in *E.T.*

*****

Tom Mankiewicz, the screenwriter behind *Live and Let Die* and *Superman*, theorizes on just how James Bond, Agent 007, should cash his chips. And he checks in with us on his own newest project, an all-new theatrical version of the caped crusader. The Batman. Holy Moley, Boy Wonder!

*****

Greg Hildebrandt, one-half of the world's greatest fantasy illustration team, discusses his professional split (with twin brother Tim) and why each has gone on to create *separate* universes. It's a candid interview, profusely-illustrated with some breathtaking new visions from Greg's solo brush.

*****

Plus: the joys of nuclear holocaust as our own Ed Naha hits the L.A. Offbeat on *The Day After*. . . an on-target view of galactic shoot-outs from Bob Martin in the latest Space-Age Games. . . a fond farewell from our Bjo Trimble. . . and an incredible challenge from David Gerrold. . . to *you*.

And a behind-the-scenes look at the special effects of the fantasy spectacular, *The Dark Crystal*. . . part two of David Hutchison's Walking Tour into the world of imagination at EPCOT. . . a photo-filled retrospective of the World Fantasy Con. . . and news about the newest in 3-D films.

ON SALE MARCH 8, 1983

THINGS
to Come

The return of Norman Bates is at hand! *Psycho II* will open this May, starring Tony Perkins and Vera Miles, survivors of the classic original. Hitchcock, however, is gone—and Robert Bloch had nothing to do with it either! Will director Richard Franklin (*Patrick, Road Games*) be able to pull it off, with a script by Tom (*The Beast Within*) Holland? That's what we intend to find out, and we'll be reporting to you next issue!

Speaking of the classics of yesteryear, April, 1983 will mark the 100th anniversary of the great Lon Chaney. If Fango has neglected Chaney in the past, it's only because we hadn't found the right man for the job; next issue, we'll make amends for our sins of omission when we present a picture-packed tribute to the Man of the 1,000 Faces by Mr. Forrest J. Ackerman!

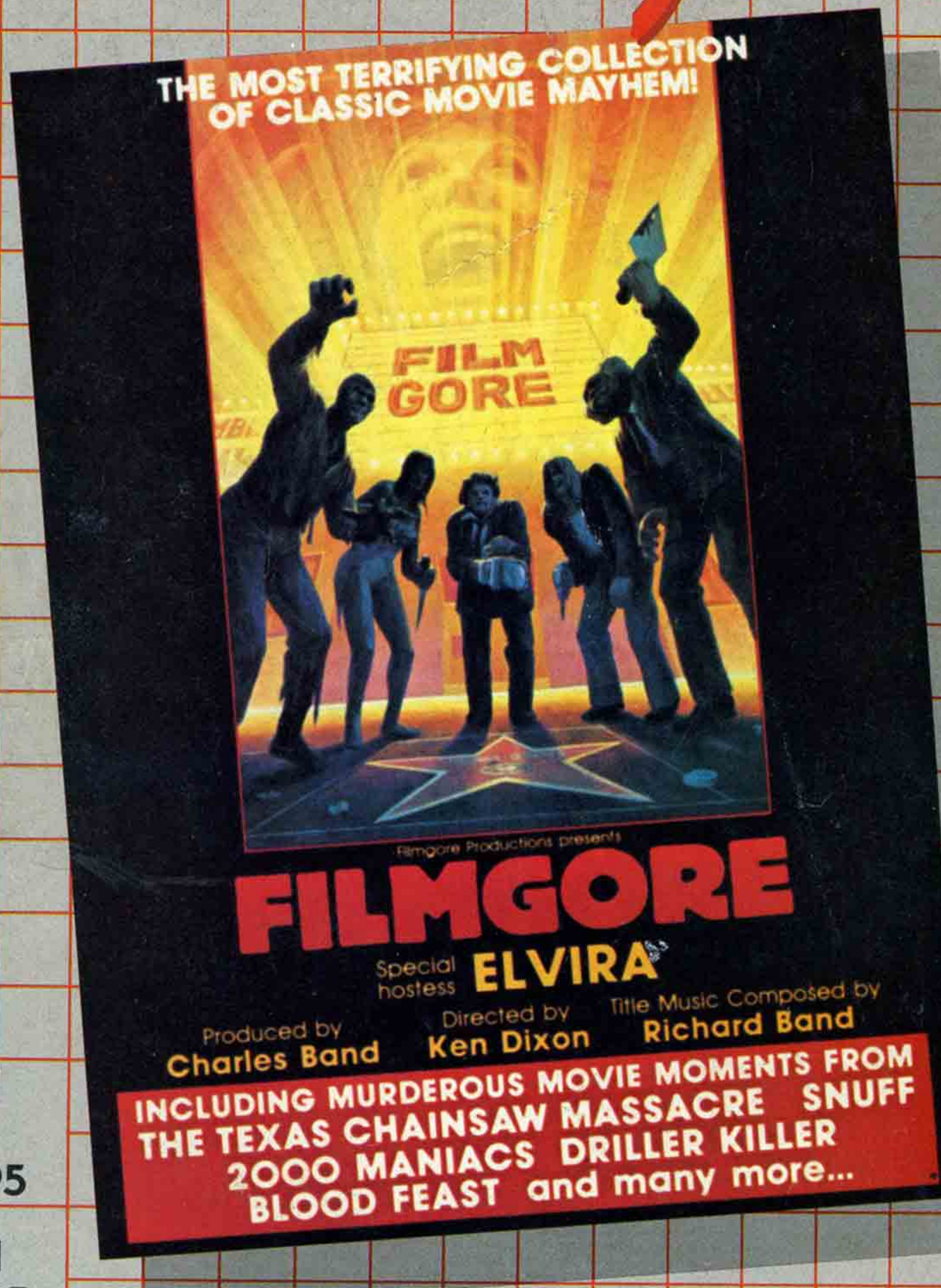
Speaking of *great* actors, we continue our coverage of the Price-Lee-Cushing-Carradine film *House of Long Shadows* with an interview with director Pete Walker. And, lest you think we're gettting stodgy, let us remind you that Walker is also the director of such fright films as *The Flesh and Blood Show* and *The Confessional*.

Startling new revelations about Ray Dennis Steckler, director-star of *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies* (not to mention *Teenage Psycho Meets Bloody Mary*) have recently come to light, resulting in a short delay of our definitive interview/profile with this American legend and icon. But the wait comes to an end—*next issue*

Not to mention countless surprises that we're not altogether sure about yet! Bring the whole family!

ON SALE APRIL 26!!!

Classic Gore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